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COVER: *Portrait of the Poet Chunagon Asatada*, a painting attributed to **Matabei** (1578-1650). Collection Harold Henderson. In the exhibition "Architecture, Interiors and People," at the Meltzer Gallery in New York through September 26. For further details on the exhibition, see Suzanne Burrey's article on page 19.

CONTRIBUTORS: **Sue Fuller**, the American artist, was recently represented in the Whitney Museum's "New Decade" exhibition; during her recent residence in Japan, she showed examples of her own calligraphic efforts in Tokyo's Ueno Museum . . . **Arthur Drexler** is Curator of the Department of Architecture and Design at the Museum of Modern Art and author of *The Architecture of Japan* (see page 22).

FORTHCOMING: An article by **Dore Ashton** summing up her impressions of the *avant garde* in Europe . . . a series of critical profiles on living American artists.

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Spectrum by Jonathan Marshall

Italian Vistas

Our recent trip abroad began inauspiciously when the plane was delayed an hour in taking-off because of engine troubles, and severe headwinds slowed our flight even more. However, a friendly crew made it possible for us to have a truly unusual experience, one of the once-in-a-lifetime glimpses into a mysterious unknown. While most passengers slept we went up to the cockpit and chatted with the pilot. As we talked the whole world of clouds and sea unfolded in panorama beneath us, and in the distance the northern lights glowed brilliantly. As we peered ahead at majestic cloudbanks the sun began rising on the horizon, setting both sea and sky afire. It seemed as though we were viewing the world's birth in prehistoric times, and we lost all awareness of the modern aircraft dashing across the northern sky.

After a brief stop in London, where by fortunate chance we saw the Queen, who looked quite human, we flew across Europe to Rome. To describe a first visit to Rome is difficult, for it is completely different from any other city. Although justly called the "Eternal City," it is far more than that. It is a mixture of the very old and new with a pace of living that appears to be completely relaxed. Perhaps one can best judge a city by its people, and despite our very sketchy knowledge of Italian we found the modern Romans the friendliest people we have ever met.

We purposely began our sightseeing with ancient ruins and art and with Renaissance art in order to gain perspective in viewing the current scene. There is no need to describe such sights as the Colosseum, Michelangelo's *Last Judgement*, the piazzas or the churches — they are already well documented — but they more than lived up to expectations, which is always a happy occurrence, as did the famous pines and fountains of Rome.

Among the unusual trips that we made was one to the old Ghetto of Rome, to which Dore Ashton and Adja Yunkers took us. Here, amid winding streets and poverty, we came across several magnificent courtyards with beautifully carved statues and bas reliefs. It is an out-of-the-way excursion, but well worth taking.

Another unusual trip was to Ostia Antica, the old Roman port city which was abandoned centuries ago when the water suddenly receded. Here is a city that formerly contained 100,000 people, with walls and streets still intact, beautiful columns gracing the old temples, and unusual mosaics to be found unexpectedly on turning a corner. Fortunately, the government is preserving Ostia Antica and restoring

its most beautiful features. Also, fortunately, it is an hour's drive from Rome and has not been spoiled by the hordes of tourists who inundate such places as Saint Peter's Basilica and the Trevi Fountain.

Among our most pleasant experiences were two evenings spent with Afro (see May 1 issue of ARTS DIGEST). He is a gentle, warm person and universally respected by the Italian art world. His serious approach to his work and his respect for other artists is typical of the present generation of Italian artists who do not have the great factional schisms and rivalries found in America and France. This conducive climate for work was well summed up for us by Adja Yunkers, who said that he is working better than ever before. It is because "the pace of living is right here, I don't feel tense and oppressed as in New York." In visiting galleries in Rome, we saw the result of the friendly climate, for current work has a relaxed warm quality, and one does not feel that artists are trying to shock the public. Rather one feels that they are searching for basic truths and for beauty.

There are few good contemporary galleries in Rome because, as we were told, most Italians go to the artist's studio to buy. We did, nevertheless, see excellent contemporary work at the Gallery L'Obelisco and the Schneider Art Gallery. The latter is run by a former American College professor who has settled in Rome. At L'Obelisco one can find works by De Chirico, Campigli, Marinetti, Caffè and Mirko to name but a few. Schneider handles Afro, Capagrossi, Matta, Sironi, and Tchelitchew, among others. Here we discovered two relatively unknown painters whose work made deep impressions. Cristiano, a young Italian whose wanderlust has carried him to remote parts of the globe, has somewhat the feeling of Hieronymous Bosch in his work. It is powerful and mysterious and brilliantly executed, and if he continues to develop he will become an important artist in the future. Our other discovery is a former shepherd named Toppi, who began painting after he copied the pictures in a Cathedral one day while waiting for a storm to abate. Since then he has been painting in a refined primitive style with much subtlety and power. Unlike the turbulent Cristiano, his is a warm and friendly commentary on mankind.

From Rome we drove north to Florence by way of Perugia and Assisi through some of the most beautiful country we've ever seen. Hills and mountains rose sharply everywhere with castles, cathedrals and little towns perched on top in isolation from the busy highways. Wherever we stopped there was local pride for the cathedral

or a great work of art that the town possessed. Several times we stopped to see an old masterpiece only to find it hidden in the gloom of a badly lit church or in such bad condition that little remained recognizable. This was especially true in the smaller cities which apparently could not afford proper restoration for their valuable works of art.

Medieval Perugia is a city of striking contrasts perched atop its mountain. Winding narrow streets are flanked by old houses whose interiors present terrible poverty, while the main streets are brightly flanked by modern stores for tourists. Here we had an experience that will long be remembered. We had heard that an unusual early Raphael fresco had been preserved in one of the churches, and we found the caretaker and his wife in their poor lodgings near the church shortly before dinner time. Despite the hour, our request to see the fresco was met with a warm "Si, si," and the old lady took a key from its hook and led the way. Her husband, the caretaker, took his cane and limped after us. Raphael's fresco was the only adornment in the bare chapel, unlike so many others that we saw filled with ornamentation, and it was truly moving to behold in its semi-darkened room. As we examined the painting the caretaker began telling us of its history, pointing out its unusual features with great animation. Although his knowledge of English was limited, we realized that he knew every detail of the picture. The old man spoke with a true love as if he himself had been the artist. His knowledge and love was something that we have seldom seen equalled. Suddenly, as we turned to leave, we realized that the old man was blind.

The Medici city of Florence was a vivid contrast to Rome and the old hill towns. It bustles and hustles in a modern manner, although the setting is old with narrow streets and old palaces. There is something incongruous about a motorcycle bearing down upon one at a great rate of speed in an alley where Machiavelli might still scheme were he alive today. Florence is a city of history and of art. In addition to the Medici its residents included Michaelangelo, Dante, Donatello, Fra Lippo Lippi and Giotto to name but a few, and the merchant princes and clergy encouraged these artists with great commissions. The result is a city abounding in major works of art wherever in turns. In the Uffizi Palace alone there is housed one of the world's finest collections of paintings with works by almost all the old masters — the only old master whom we found conspicuously missing being El Greco.

One is almost inundated by great works of art in Florence, and it becomes difficult to distinguish or re-

Continued on page 30



Photographs of Japanese gardens by Emma Gene Hall.

Foreword

This survey of the arts in Japan continues a tradition of the Western world's interest in Japanese artistic expression. At times, Japanese have gained perspective and a new appreciation of their arts because of the recognition of artists, critics, and the general public in other countries.

This was the case, we are told, with woodblock prints. We have a more recent example—full appreciation by the Japanese public of the higher aspirations of the Japanese filmmakers only after such films as *Rashomon* had won world acclaim.

These are challenging times in Japan, for the artist as well as for the thinker, the economic planner, the educator, the farmer. Social patterns which have persisted for thousands of years are in the process of change. Only now are some of our younger artists emerging from the confusion of the last decade and beginning to find themselves. There are some interesting experiments in the adaptation to modern expression of ancient Japanese styles and techniques. Not all the experimenters are succeeding, but more and more are finding better understanding of what they want to say and a surer touch. Meanwhile the old artistic verities remain as a source of strength and inspiration.

In much the same way as Japan's artists, Japan itself is struggling to find a new niche for itself in the world community. As the artists search out the best way of saying what they must say, so is the nation seeking a means of national expression for its people's skills which will bring them a better life under democratic conditions. But no matter what changes this entails, one thing will remain constant—the place of art in the daily life of the people of Japan.

JUN TSUCHIYA
Consul General of Japan

"No effort to create an impossible or purely ideal landscape is made in the Japanese garden. Its artistic purpose is to copy faithfully the attractions of a veritable landscape and to convey the real impression which a real landscape communicates. It is therefore at once a picture and a poem; perhaps even more a poem than a picture. For as nature's scenery in its varying aspects affects us with sensations of joy or of solemnity, of grimness or of sweetness, of force or of peace, so must the true reflection of it in the labor of the landscape gardener create not merely an impression of beauty, but a mood in the soul."

—LAFCADIO HEARN



The Art of Calligraphy



A Japanese Artist and His Tradition

by Sue Fuller

The Oriental art of calligraphy—which means “beautiful writing”—has no exact counterpart in the art of the West; however, the shifting focus of contemporary Western painting has stimulated an interest in this alien tradition, particularly as it has manifested itself in Japan. Here calligraphy is treasured and practiced as an art, and exercises a fundamental role in Japanese culture. Nearly all households of every class have at least one example from the hand of a master, and it is

hung on the wall at an appropriate time or season so that all may enjoy its beauty. Its fundamental cultural importance and continuing practice is, of course, assured by the very mode of the Japanese language itself, which is written by brush rather than pen, so that all literate Japanese are potential practitioners.

Yet, of the three essential considerations the calligraphy student is required to ponder—line, space and characters—

two of these three equally important items have nothing to do with the Japanese language or its literature, but are rather the esthetic concerns of an artist. Thus this elegant and austere tradition is a complex and intricate one, in which form and significance are inextricably wedded. The esthetic complexities of this art find their equivalents in the technical means by which it is executed. For a Westerner the notion of writing with a brush made of the downy fuzz of chicken feathers or the whiskers plucked from a live rat must seem formidable indeed; not to mention wielding the weight of an enormous shaving-type brush carefully saturated with dripping black ink, losing not a drop of the ink as it is plopped onto the paper and swung gracefully into the desired shape. That the control and precision with which the brushes are handled must be accompanied by a sense of freedom and spontaneity and that the whole must achieve perfect harmony indicate the difficulties which the calligrapher must master.

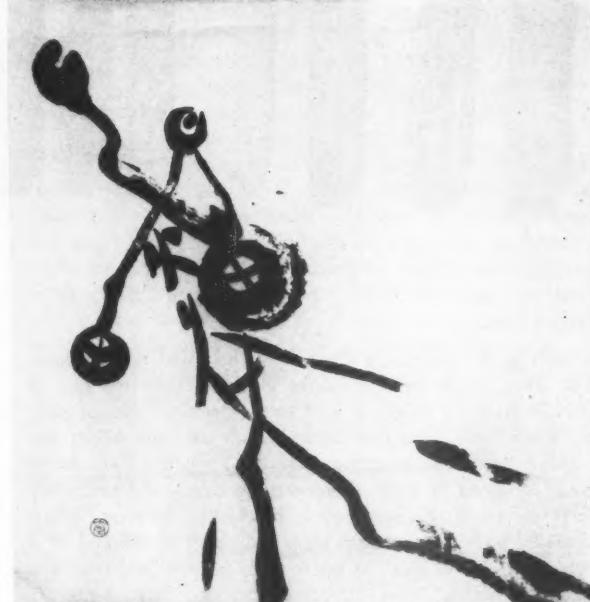
Teruo Tokuno, who introduced me to the clear, pure pleasure of this form of art during my recent residence in Japan, is an artist whose work, with the best of the calligraphers, is characterized by strength, precision and ecstatic spontaneity. His freedom and vision, breathing new vitality into an ancient craft, are symbolized by the two renderings of the ancient Chinese character *Ri-Ko*, meaning thunder and lightening. The first is written to convey the phenomena observed in the distance where the effect registers with the eye; the second is written to express the embroilment of the noise and flash all around one, as if registered with the ear. By these examples, capturing the sound and movement of the symbol, Tokuno reveals the added dimension of thoughtful invention which makes his work expressive of the spirit of what he is writing. Drilled in the tradition of calligraphy from boyhood, Tokuno also studied painting. Though now a master in his own right, he continues to study with his calligraphy teacher and to paint and talk with other artists.

Training in calligraphy begins in grade school, where the children, learning the written symbols of their language, practice with brush. Those whose aptitude or station in life demand it, continue their study of calligraphy extra-curricularly with a private teacher, just as our children may take music lessons. Not only children, but their mothers and fathers as well may continue cultivating the art of beautiful writing, studying with a master. Indeed it is not unusual for a business executive, whose correspondence in the working world is carried on by the typewriting of his secretaries, to devote one hour a day to practicing calligraphy of a highly impractical nature.

Once a week the student visits his teacher, who corrects the practice sheets, commends improvements, and writes out the example to be practiced the following week. By its very nature, the subject matter of calligraphy is literary. It may be a gem of wisdom from an elder statesman of Japan, or an epigram of a popular rustic priest or a selection from the wide, rich range of Chinese or Japanese poetry. Whatever the subject matter, the size of the practice sheet and the style of writing are selected in accordance with their suitability to the particular subject. The brush chosen is that which best provides immediate expression of that style.

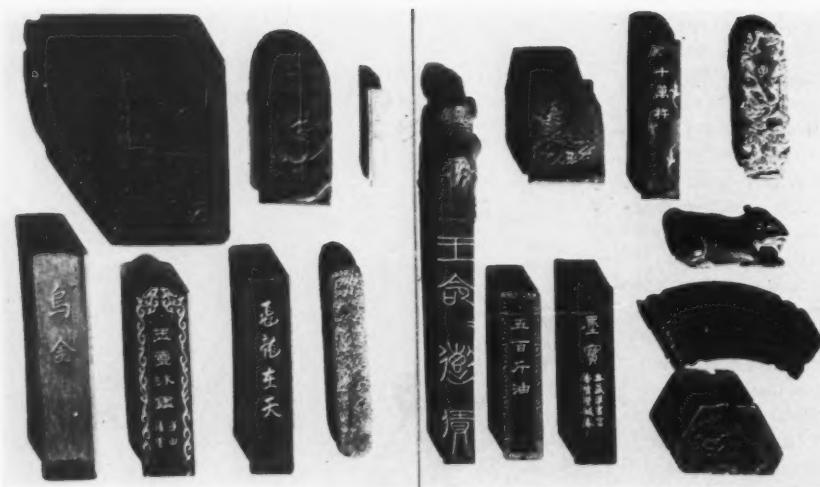
The very diversity of brushes is a delight. They range from the tiny stylus of cat or badger hair, a delicate brush suitable for obtaining a fine letter hand, written at a table, to the weighty brush of horsehair intended for poster-size mottoes written on the floor, commanding the movement of the whole body. Among the intermediate sizes are brushes made of squirrel, sheep, goat, badger, deer, wolf, and even human hair,

OPPOSITE PAGE: Teruo Tokuno painting; BELOW: examples of his work.





Brushes and ink blocks used by Japanese calligraphers.



as well as the surprising chicken feathers and rat whiskers. The latter, made from whiskers plucked from live rats, is literally worth its weight in gold. In performance, the strength, resiliency, and versatility characteristic of this brush are highly prized. The example pictured, imported from Mongolia, is valued at \$200. In contrast to this is the ridiculous performance of the brush made of chicken feathers. When saturated with ink, it hangs limp and soggy at the end of a stylus. Like a wet sock, its fibers form no neat and obedient point. Its lifeless shape dangles awkwardly, defying the utmost skill and dexterity. Surprisingly enough, when it is used correctly it can produce an immediate transition from broad strokes to hairline in the twinkling of an eye, something no other brush does as well.

Before discussing the relation of the nature of the subject matter to the selection of the proper brush, it is necessary to mention again the fundamental considerations of which the

student becomes aware in studying calligraphy: 1. How to make a beautiful line. 2. Space arrangement. 3. Study of the form of the characters themselves—whether *Kana* (the more geometrical form akin to our lettering) or *Kanji* (the cursive form akin to script). A student electing to practice with that erratic brush made of chicken feathers might be given a Japanese poem written in *Kana* which reads:

*Sho Sei
Katuri Wasu
Doku
Ginnotoki*

Roughly translated, this means:

*When you are singing
Daily alone
A bird comes
And joins you.*

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Or perhaps, using the brush made of rat whiskers (if he owns one; failing that, one made of squirrel hair) which is particularly suited to the more continuous and smooth movements involved in writing *Kanji*, he might be given for an example:

*Ko No Michi Ya
Iku Hito Nasbi Ni
Aki No Kure*

which reads:

*Along this road
Nobody passes.
It is late autumn.*

Of course, this latter example of *Haiku* (17 syllable poetry) would be selected by the teacher for a student to practice in the autumn, while for another season, he would select something equally appropriate.

After considerable practice, the student who has mastered the above fundamentals sufficiently to be commended by his teacher, might be asked to submit his work for exhibition. By this time he is deeply involved in refinements of technique and taste which include not only determining the selection of subject matter and brush, but ink and paper as well.

An important factor in the production of calligraphic art is the quality of the carbonized ink stick which is rubbed and dissolved in water on a flat slab with a surface sloping to form a well. Sought and collected as a treasure, *Sumi*, as the ink is called, is made from the soot gathered from burning the oils of plants, with glue and resin added for hardening. Since most black ink has color overtones, chemicals or pigments may be added to counteract or augment its basic color. Of the inks pictured, the most prized are the large square impressed with the seal of an inner square and the oblong stick next to it embossed with a dragon design. These inks made by the order of Emperor Kenyu during the Shin dynasty in China have excellent body and color. Perhaps even more precious is the wide bell-shaped stub of ink made during the Ming period which contains a sizeable amount of gold dust. When mixed with water it flows easily and dependably and the purplish cast to its color ages beautifully. Of a bluish cast with green and purple overtones is the Palagonium ink such as that used by Lady Murasaki in writing the *Tales of Genji*. Still other inks, made in Japan during later periods, attempted to imitate the earlier Chinese inks whose formulas were not known.

As for paper, the Japanese have a long and distinguished tradition in the craft of paper-making, and their products are unique and of a rich variety. Since their hand-made paper has for centuries been developed for every conceivable purpose, from window panes to clothing, there is naturally a wide selection available of both hand-made and machine-made papers suitable for painting. For calligraphy one uses the same paper as for painting. Unlike the stiff, heavy and often rough watercolor paper we use, the Japanese paper seems at first encounter flimsy and far too absorbent. The difference in the structure of the papers indicates the difference in ways of working, for, while we tend to scrub, rub and work over our paintings, the Japanese work nimbly with irrevocable decision, alternating between light and heavy strokes. For practicing calligraphy, the student uses long strips (approximately 13" x 52") of lightweight paper, whose skin is extremely porous and at the same time tough. For final work he is apt to use a slightly whiter sheet, perhaps of double width. If his practice has been in the delicacy of a letterhand,

his final effort may be on a 9" x 9" square or 3" x 16" oblong of cardboard whose surface ply incorporates the subtle patterns of gold dust or silk fibers, tiny confetti-like squares, or a plain tinted hue.

The work to be exhibited may be mounted as a hanging scroll, a screen or a sliding door panel. Fine letter hand may be mounted as a horizontal scroll or motto or plaque. As demonstrated in the foregoing paragraphs, great care is exercised in the manner of presentation, selection of subject matter, and style of writing, type of paper, color of ink, and even in the placement of the *Han* or signature seal. All the nuances of the Japanese esthetic and cultural tradition may be observed in each area of selection. The aim is perfect harmony. However, in the endless exhibitions of contemporary calligraphy in Tokyo, where countless numbers of teachers and students, professionals and amateurs display their work in continuous rows of neat examples executed in meticulous style achieved by long years of practice, the effect may be complete boredom.

Boredom for the beholder is often indicative of boredom on the part of the executor. Unthinking years of blind practice can spell out quite precisely esthetic sterility. By rote many have learned their art and by rote many prefer to practice it. But also there are thinking men among the calligraphers who practice not by rote but along the lines of thought penned by the 17th century Japanese rustic poet Basho: "Do not follow in the footsteps of the ancients. Seek what they sought." Re-evaluating the art of calligraphy in present day Japan, Tokuno and his fellow artists, devoted to the purity of black and white, have attempted to interpret calligraphy in accordance with 20th century ideas and with what they have absorbed of the modern art of other countries. Some have returned to primitive pictographic characters; some have completely abandoned any visible trace of language or literary symbol. This relinquishing of literary calligraphy for pictographic calligraphy, particularly wherever primitive language symbols are abandoned, has its proponents chiefly among abstract artists, whose work properly falls in the category of painting rather than calligraphy.

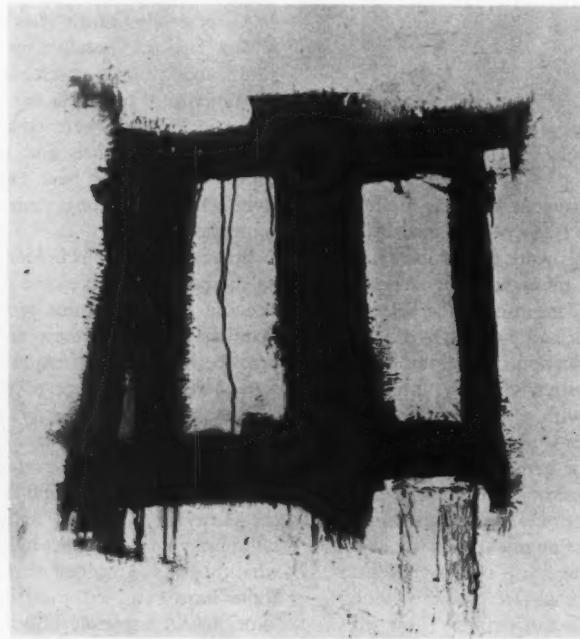
Between the extremes of conservative and *avant garde* thinking is Tokuno's sound esthetic, like "clear pure atmosphere that enters the very bone." Because of his deep understanding of esthetic discipline and his regard for the function of writing to convey the meaning of the written word, his work, though extremely abstract, never abandons the integrity of its primal function. In designing a new hand for the title page of a recent translation of the New Testament into colloquial Japanese, he based his expression on both meaning and understanding, which requires that he think about what he is writing and how he is writing it. He must inquire into the root of the word, consult the evolution of characters forming the word from the earliest Chinese pictographs through the various forms and combinations of forms in which it may be presented. In short, he must find out as much as possible about its structure, explore the ramifications of meaning in relation to graphic illustrations, and then, having assimilated all the fruit of his scholarly research, he must set it aside for pure meditation.

Pure meditation, by which one relinquishes the pride and sweat of material considerations, is that quiet state of mind which is the springboard of intuitive action. Of all the arts, calligraphy demands it most urgently. There is the pure white paper before one, the blended pool of ink in the slate, the brush carefully charged with ink. . . .

An American Artist in Japan

by Martica Sawin

The interest of Japanese artists in the paintings of Franz Kline points up some differences in the artistic culture of East and West.



Franz Kline: *Painting*, 1953

The Japanese are an art conscious people, not only in the respect they show for their own art—there are reportedly more artists today in Japan than in the United States—but also in their interest in the art of other nations. Japanese collectors, along with the Russians, were the first to buy the work of the modern European masters and exhibitions of foreign work attract large crowds, perhaps the record holder being the Matisse exhibition in 1951 in Tokyo at which attendance far exceeded that at the show in New York. Art permeates Japanese life to an extent almost inconceivable to the Westerner, for it is a life in which form and formality play a basic role, a form which allows room for invention, but always provides a framework for any action. Thus the highly developed esthetic awareness of the Japanese is not reserved simply for the appreciation of works of art, but permeates all aspects of their lives from the form of a conversation or the ritual of preparing tea to the way their homes are built or the way they dress.

When the American sculptor Isamu Noguchi visited Japan in 1951, he brought with him an envelope containing nine photographs of paintings by Franz Kline, the American abstractionist whose black-and-white canvases have become an important part of the *avant garde* scene. He showed them to Sabro Hasegawa, whose response was immediate and enthusiastic. Hasegawa who has since visited this country, is one of a group of Japanese artists who, determined to counteract the widespread imitation of Western art in their country, has advocated a reversion to Japan's fundamental art form which is at the root of both literary and visual art traditions, the art of calligraphy. This unique art form, based on a tradition developed for many centuries, requires not only a high degree of skill, discipline and experience on the part of the practitioner, but also depends on the artist's invention and ability to endow the stroke with fresh meaning and significance with each use. Frequently the calligraphy which is admired as the most beautiful is not

even legible and contemporary calligraphers have made use of this tradition of the beautiful line simply for beauty's sake as the basis for the development of an abstract calligraphy which is often without specific symbolic reference.

When from another country and another civilization came paintings such as those of Franz Kline, it was, to painters like Hasegawa, not only an encouragement but almost a justification of their effort to build the revitalization of Japan's art not on the imitation of Western art, but on a turning back to the sources of their own art and developing already existent forms. In Kline's work they could see many of the elements which they sought to achieve in their own work and the indication of a direction which revealed new possibilities. Through his work they were shown a way in which they could meet Western art, not through duplication, but arriving at similar goals through the exploitation of their own sources. The photographs which Noguchi gave to Hasegawa were pub-



Yuiti Inoue

lished in the first issue of *Bokubi* (*The Beauty of Black and White*), a monthly art magazine devoted to calligraphy and to the reproduction of paintings by contemporary Japanese, European and American artists. Hasegawa's accompanying remarks on the paintings show that while he was at first drawn to them because of his strong sympathy for black and white and because of their superficial familiarity, he also has an insight into their meaning in terms of the culture and impulses from which they spring. For example he writes of *Clock Face*: "This is a work of art, not

a 'quiz.' It may be useless if we seek to find why this is 'clock face.' Time proceeds and passes away—in one direction—never backward. In Kline's painting all movements powerfully tend in one direction—its composition never pauses or stops, movement is endless. *Clock Face*, round in square, is perpetual movement of time in infinite space."

The publication of these photographs evidently caused quite a stir in various artistic circles in Japan, and Kline has thus developed a considerable following. Photographs are sent to him for criticism and Shiryu Morita, editor of *Bokubi*, mails him every number of the magazine, inviting his comments, as well as sending him photographs of calligraphy which he thinks might interest the American painter. Evidence of Kline's influence has already appeared in the work of some Japanese artists, both calligraphers and painters. Although the Japanese evince some enthusiasm for other American painters, particularly those who work largely in line, such as Tobey or Pollock (Hasegawa mentions the relation of Pollock's line to the "kyo-so" or crazy quick stroke style of calligraphy), it is Kline whose work has enjoyed the greatest response. Twelve additional reproductions of his paintings fill the pages of a later issue of *Bokubi* in which there appears a commentary by Morita which illuminates to a degree the nature of the Japanese response to this work. He writes: "I have seldom felt so keenly that the character of a work can be made through the harmony of the outside and the inside—the outside being the combination of the lines and the inside the quality of these lines . . . In Mr. Kline's works the conciseness and freshness inspire us very deeply." In his comments on the individual works he designates the most severe and austere painting as "unspeakably lovely," while what to Western eyes might be considered the most powerful, certainly the most complex painting in the selection, Morita regards as almost negligible and "difficult to understand." The latter is a tempestuous and muscular work; the former is serene, contemplative and highly simplified.

While Kline welcomes the warm Japanese response to his art and has himself long been an admirer and enthusiast of Oriental art, he is anxious that his paintings not be considered as calligraphy, which there has been a tendency to do in this country as well as in Japan. It is a misuse of the term calligraphy to apply it to Kline, for his paintings have no relation to writing or to the partial automatism it implies. Each painting is a cohesive compositional unit with a clearly delimited space, while the space of the calligrapher is an infinite one. Kline's paint is not applied in the single, swift and direct strokes of the calligrapher, but

undergoes a long building process and constant transformation on the canvas itself before the final result is attained; part of the beauty of calligraphy lies in the effect of that intuitive, irrevocable movement of the brush, whereas part of the durability of Franz Kline's painting in the long gestation of the forms, and the deliberate consideration which underlies the structure of each line. Furthermore, although Kline actually works in black and white, the ultimate in purity to the calligrapher, his white areas do not merely serve as negative space, but are activated either by the use of paint itself or through the implication of the black forms which force the white areas to operate as part of the total unit. Scale is another factor which separates his work from that of the Japanese; Kline mentions the astonishment of the Japanese when they learned of the actual size of paintings they had seen only in photographs—to them the idea of a 5' x 7' canvas occupied with the equivalent of a single character was revolutionary.

Aside from a reassurance from a foreign world as to the acceptability of their aims, what are the elements in Kline's painting which have earned it the respect of these deeply artistic people? Again Morita writes, with characteristic humility, "Now to reflect on ourselves, we have forgotten the effect of creating a truly beautiful form. Indeed, we can gain a degree of beauty by simply imitating masterpieces of the calligraphy or by following the rule of *Tenkaku* (dots and strokes), since the form of 'character' has been purified through the efforts of billions of men. Such apparent conveniences have injured us. Spoiled by them, we have had no desire of creating true beauty from within ourselves and therefore had no trouble of creation. Yet, we shall be most favored, if only we are inclined to create beauty from within. It is most necessary for us to follow the spirit of Mr. Kline . . . Another difference between his work and our calligraphy is concerning age. Mr. Kline's works make us feel the present age, but ours the separation from the present age. Unless we reflect on our life, we cannot create works which have modernity."

These words indicate, I think, something of what these Japanese artists are striving for—an art based on the tradition of centuries, yet firmly rooted in the twentieth century, an art which leaves room for the artist and for individual expression and does not demand the absolute depersonalization, the submergence of self in the search for perfect harmony which has for so long characterized Japanese art. In the painting of Franz Kline they seem to have found a synthesis, an art readily legible in their own terms, and yet an art endowed with the inherent Western qualities of humanism and a rich multiplicity of concept.

Rakusui Komoto



Yuiti Inoue



The "Modern" Architecture of Japan *by Arthur Drexler*

Traditional Japanese building is now found to have special meaning for the advanced architecture of the West.

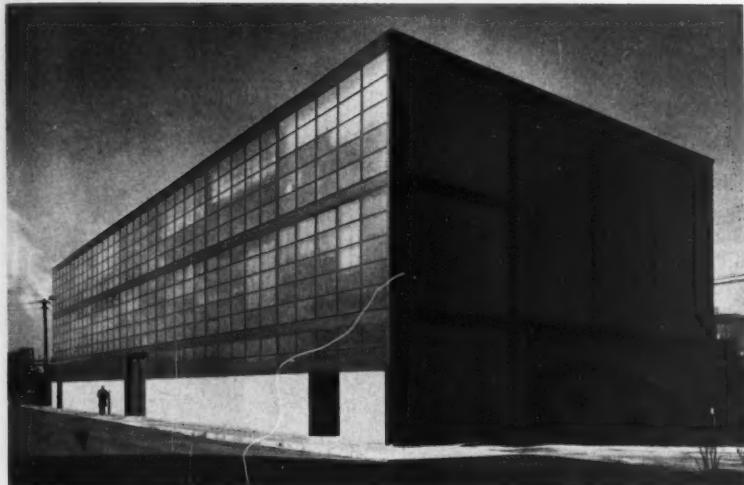
In Europe and America Japanese architecture made its initial appeal indirectly. Travelers from England and America sometimes returned with enthusiastic descriptions of the practicality and elegance of the Japanese home, and with admiration for the ingeniously constructed pagodas and temple roofs they had seen. The cheap prints brought home by merchants from the Tokyo streets and later so much admired by Van Gogh, Gauguin, and others, often included fragments of Japanese interiors in their backgrounds.

At the end of the nineteenth century the Japanese still had no architects of distinctly professional status. Architects were imported from Europe and the United States to plan western style buildings, and Japanese students sent abroad to study the western "styles" were naturally reticent concerning the glories of their own architectural heritage—if they had not totally rejected it. It was left to the Japanese dilettante to cultivate enthusiasm abroad for what in his own country had become associated with reactionary interests.

Often the dilettante came by his own taste for traditional

architectural forms through his devotion to the tea ceremony, which required special artifacts and a special room, or, even better, a special house. Long past its zenith by the late 1800s, the art of the tea ceremony had carried with it into realms of excruciatingly sensitive fussiness an entire system of architectural design. The entrance elevation of the Shokintei tea house, at the Katsure Imperial villa near Kyoto, is a famous example. It was this kind of architecture, and the gardens appropriate to it, which gave to the western world a picture of Japanese building about as comprehensive as the Japanese picture of European architecture would have been if Marie Antoinette's Hameau at Versailles had served as our only envoy.

"It is certain that the architectural art of Japan," Le Corbusier wrote in 1934, "is better prepared than western methods to successfully exploit the theses of modern architecture." Considering that the great French architect had by that year completed buildings more deeply committed to the principles of the Renaissance, and particularly to the Mediterranean tradition, than those of any of his contemporaries, his endorse-



OPPOSITE PAGE: *Imperial Palace, Kyoto*; ABOVE, LEFT: *Shokintei tea room*; ABOVE, RIGHT: *Katsura Imperial Villa*; LEFT: *Mies van der Rohe, research building, Illinois Institute of Technology*.

ment of an art fundamentally different from his own seems oddly capricious. "The ancient tea houses of Japan," he added almost by way of explanation, "are enchanting works of art."

The principles of Japanese architecture Le Corbusier rightly judged well suited to our own conceptions are still only partly understood by ourselves as well as by the Japanese: only recently have creative Japanese architects begun to examine their heritage sympathetically. The essential component parts of a classical Japanese building are a light structural cage of wood columns and beams supporting a massive roof covered with clay tiles, shingles of bark, or thatch. The structural cage was for the most part filled in with sliding panels of paper to make both interior and exterior walls, or by solid fixed walls of wood or plaster. The exposed framing was at once the essential structure of the building and its primary decoration. Lateral bracing was regarded as vulgar, and thus all bracing exposed in the wall was made horizontal. This conjunction of vertical and horizontal exposed structural members was thought so beautiful that walls composed en-

tirely of rectangles were deemed the most appropriate view for no less a person than Emperor Kammu, whose palace in Kyoto still startles the modern eye with a purity antedating Mondrian's by eleven centuries.

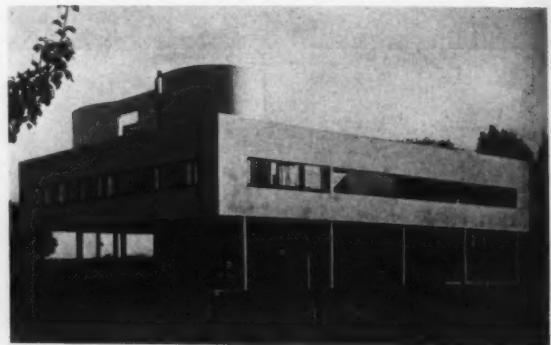
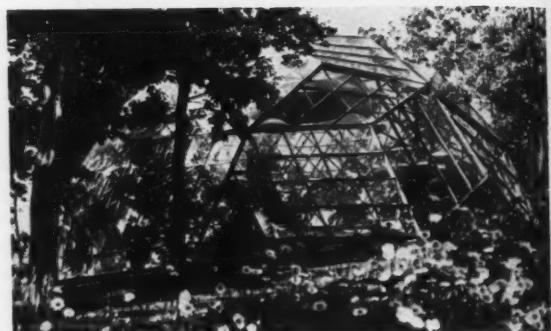
Modern western architects have paralleled these effects, particularly in Germany, England and the United States, where the steel skeleton frame has been perhaps the dominant structural technique. Ludwig Mies van der Rohe's buildings at the Illinois Institute of Technology present on their elevations patterns of lines and rectangular spaces made by an exposed structural framework and by panel walls of brick. Mies' apparent ability to make architecture out of structural elements alone sometimes deceives his students, who interpret too literally the doctrine of exposing structural elements. Like the carpenter-architects who built Emperor Kammu's palace, Mies does not hesitate to conceal an unlovely structural detail (in a roof, for example) but unlike the Japanese he refrains from adding fraudulent structural elements in order to render more subtle the asymmetric composition of a facade.

The special architecture devised for the tea house sought to emphasize not the structural purity underlying these pictorial effects, but rather an almost graphic and somewhat arbitrary range of linear and textural patterns—often quite removed from the real structure of the building—and too self-consciously rustic. That modern Western architecture is susceptible to the same development, though not quite for the same reasons, is suggested by one of the most interesting American houses. The small rectangular lights of standard factory-produced windows used by Charles Eames in his own California house are filled alternately with clear and translucent glass, and the building's steel skeleton structure also carries large blank panels of plaster. Although this multiplication of lines and surfaces sacrifices some of the direct formal power which Mies van der Rohe makes pure structure reveal, it does produce a pleasantly intimate scale with a variety of proportions and textures. Part of the appeal this building has may be said to derive from a peculiarly subjective treatment of forms, concentrating as it does on effects ancillary to the structure itself. What emerges is the possibility of an architecture which makes the question of applied decoration irrelevant, because its very substance is already decorative.

All dimensions of the traditional Japanese building were controlled by a module called the *ken*, which is roughly six feet. Columns were generally spaced at one *ken* intervals, and sliding doors were most often one *ken* high. Local differences in proportion derived from the fact that the *ken* constituted a different length in different parts of Japan at different times. The kind of building to which the module was applied also influenced its size; a palace required a larger *ken* module than did a temple or a private house. The thick straw mats called *tatami* which by the sixteenth century covered the floors of most Japanese houses, were also dimensioned by the *ken* module, being one *ken* long and half a *ken* wide. By arranging the mats in a kind of spiral pattern the floor acquired a pictorial character similar to that of the walls.

As a tool for organizing a plan the *ken* module has been much admired by contemporary Western architects. Modern methods of construction tend to impose standardized dimensions, not simply through prefabricated steel columns and beams, but through such factory-produced items as windows and doors. But where Western architects habitually use a module as a decisive element of the plan, forcing the design to take shape within it, the Japanese did not hesitate to adjust the module according to the requirements of any one part of the design. Perhaps to compensate for this flexibility two other aspects of classical Japanese architecture retained a certain rigidity. One was the visual importance of columns; the other was the contrast of a light column structure with a massive, hovering, sculpturally modelled roof. The two forms sometimes seem incompatible to the western eye, although Le Corbusier himself evolved, in the late 1920s, his characteristic ensemble of sculptural forms seen against the sky, as in the Villa Savoye, where they more than compensate for the missing visible roof.

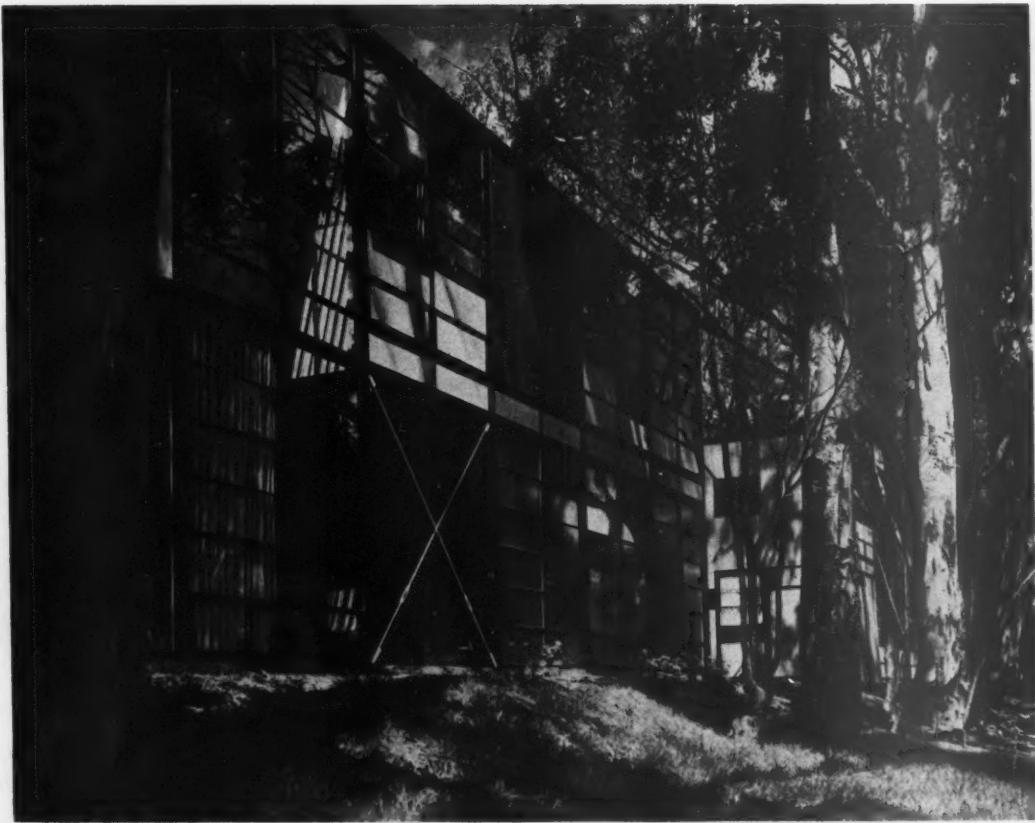
In Japan the roof itself constituted the chief reason for

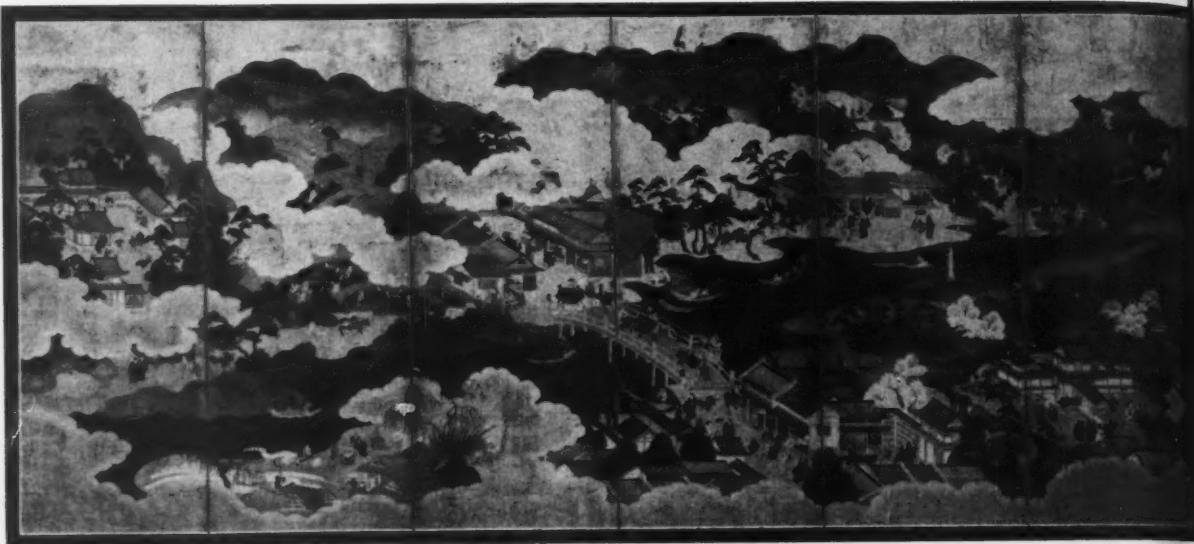


putting up a building—esthetic as well as practical—and if Japanese architecture may be defined by motives rather than by techniques, one must regard the roof as being of primary importance. For this reason it is amusing to note that Western engineering in one of its more radical forms has produced a peculiar counterpart to this aspect of the Japanese philosophy of building. Buckminster Fuller's Geodesic domes, in which the structure follows the lines of great circles drawn around part of an imaginary globe, drastically restates the problem of shelter. For Buckminster Fuller the essence of architecture is indeed the roof—a roof which becomes a kind of artificial sky. It is difficult to find visually satisfactory ways of making entrances into these domes, or of relating them to the site; indeed they look best when they sit directly on the ground. Unlike the Japanese, we are not able to reconcile with these curved shapes right-angled systems of structure: our sense of purity is more intellectually rigorous than is that of the Japanese, from whom we like to think we derived it.



OPPOSITE, ABOVE: Buckminster Fuller, Geodesic Dome at Woods Hole; OPPOSITE, BELOW: Le Corbusier, Savoye House; LEFT AND BELOW: the house of Charles Eames designed by himself.





Scene at Uji, six-fold screen by an unknown, 18th century artist. Collection of the Art Institute of Chicago.

Japanese Art in Chicago

by Allen S. Weller

The great glory of the Oriental Department at the Chicago Art Institute is its almost unrivaled collection of Japanese prints. Only Boston has more, and even Boston does not have as choice a group of the so-called "primitives," the masters of the 17th century who laid the energetic foundations which were refined and elaborated in later generations. The Chicago collection, which numbers between six and seven thousand items, developed in an unexpected way out of the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, which included a small selection of Japanese prints in the Japanese pavilion. The effect of this unpretentious exhibition upon a group of Chicago collectors was decisive. Clarence Buckingham, Frederick W. Gookin, Frank Lloyd Wright, J. Clarence Webster, Charles J. Morse, and Charles H. Chandler all became deeply involved in collecting prints. Later Arthur Davison Ficke and Frederick William Gookin were brought into this circle, and developed superb collections of their own. The Buckingham collection, particularly rich in early examples in remarkable condition, is still the central element in the Art Institute's holdings, and other private collections later joined it. Mr. Buckingham's sisters, Kate S. Buckingham and Lucy Maud Buckingham, added important Oriental works in several fields. There is no doubt that the personal enthusiasm of Frank Lloyd Wright, who was instrumental in promoting the first great exhibition of Japanese prints in Chicago in 1908, was of decided influence all along the line.

This long and discriminating cultivation of an art form which seemed like a great liberating force in the late 19th century reached its logical climax

this year in two significant events: the magnificent exhibition of some 350 Japanese prints which took place in March and April, and the publication of the first volume of Helen C. Gossaulus' definitive catalogue of the Chicago collection. It is not too much to say that this publication sets new standards of scrupulous scholarship, completeness, and beauty, and that later volumes in the years to come (it may run to eight or ten if all of the material is treated in the detail which is given

to the early masters) will establish it as a classic in its field. Meanwhile, selections from the great collection are always to be seen: a group of prints from the *One Hundred Views of Edo* by Hiroshige opened on July 20.

The oriental galleries at the Institute have just installed an enchanting exhibition of six Japanese screens three of which are recent museum acquisitions. An anonymous artist of the Tosa School (second half of the 17th century) painted the small screen in

Kake-Butsu, wood and metal sculpture by unknown artist of Fujiwara period. Kate S. Buckingham Fund Purchase, Art Institute of Chicago.



Japanese Prints and Paintings

Notes on a New York Exhibition

by Suzanne Burrey

The intimate and public life of Japan represented by 17th to 19th century woodcuts is a rich deposit of art which may be cut into any number of slices. Any random cross-section including a few of the masters will affirm the unifying tradition and charm of the Japanese woodcut technique, its particular stylistic grace in the skilled reportage of manners, morals and mood. In the most genuine sense the Japanese woodcut was a popular art, a mass medium as commercial as the cinema, and vital as long as it thrived on the impetus of the prosperous urban bourgeoisie supporting it as their chief outlet in a class-bound feudal society. Above all illustrational, this is an art that lends itself well to such a restricted theme as the Meltzer Gallery's "Architecture, Interiors and People" which will be on exhibition through September 26.

Toyohiro's *Advertisement for the Tortoise House in Owari Street, Tokyo*, an original triptych, typifies one of the commercial applications of the genre. Still rather primitive in perspective (large-scale figures are placed in a row in the foreground, then, through the teahouse the scale sharply closes in, the scene being conceived in narrow bands of space, with the middle ground virtually ignored), the geishas with their elaborate drapery and gestures are not yet too mannered; the pale peach and tan tones blend with the outlines of the girls, servants and visiting gentlemen, and the refined detail of the teahouse roof and sliding walls make an architectural elevation as delicate as a screen of silk. Pleasures are discreetly and invitingly silhouetted and suggested, eternally youthful. Though the adver-

tisement hearkens to a family tree bearing such diverse offspring as Toulouse-Lautrec and Vogue in the Western world, Toyohiro's fashion plate has the poise of a butterfly lightly at rest.

The earlier Torin places an authentic looking family—a cross-legged grandfather greeting a mother and baby—in a setting composed of strictly artificial hieroglyphs to represent the walls of a house, the leaves of a garden. This feeling for character was incorporated into elaborate architectural perspectives by his pupil Hokusai and by Hiroshige, whose *Denna Street, Tokyo* places some remarkable action details of dogs, peasants and merchants in the serenity of a symmetrical composition and a layered atmosphere of dark reds and blues. His contemporary, Kuniyoshi, picks up the lively details in the hubbub of a Yokohama Street. The bright colors and the frieze-like scallops of the roof tops and house fronts are very similar to Hiroshige; the striking difference lies in the less subtle blending.

For sheer entertainment value there are some comic strip trifles as well as some delightfully detailed documents of backstage life, that "Floating World" of the Noh plays and the Kabuki dancers. Kunisada shows a complicated web of action behind the scenes: actors making up, scolding servants, being served food, trying out their roles—hundreds of active little figures are included. Among several teahouse scenes, Hokusai's five panels comprise the outstanding expression of the rhythmic grace of girls and drapery; only a very close inspection draws attention to the infinite variety of their

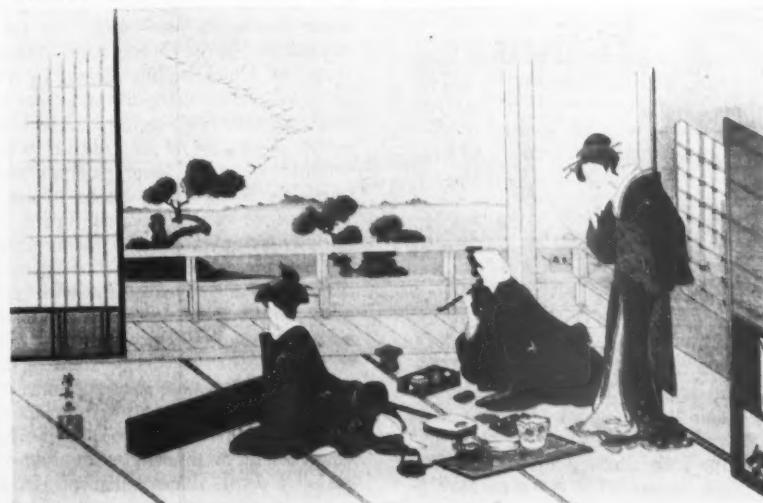
Landscape, attributed to Sotan, 15th century. Kate S. Buckingham Fund Purchase, Art Institute of Chicago.

two sections with an Imperial Court Scene from the *Tale of Genji*, with its subtle mingling of figures and floating landscape. The 18th century *Scene at Uji* is a six-fold screen, richly peopled by a complete world of activity. People visit temples, women pick tea leaves and bleach cloth, there is a street with tea shops, people cross a bridge over a river, others are picnicing, observing cherry blossoms, sailing on rafts. The endless curiosity and patient observation of the Japanese artist is fully exploited here. A pair of six-fold screens by Ogata Korin (1658-1716) has been lent by Mr. Charles C. Haffner. One is of pink and one of white plum blossoms, outlined against a solid gold background, a beautiful formula which fully grasps the animate, individualistic qualities of nature. Maruyama Okyo is the painter of a pair of six-fold screens, dated 1764, representing respectively Turtles and Plums on the one, Cranes and Pine on the other—the auspicious signs of longevity. The great open spaces are delicately spattered with gold, the animal and plant forms studied with penetrating realism which never loses sight of the great rhythm of living which runs like a positive force through all of this work.

A number of notable additions have been made during the past year to the group of Japanese paintings assembled at the Art Institute. The Tenchi-in

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Kiyanaga: *Entertainment*. At Meltzer Gallery in New York.



silken patterns.

Kunichika's *Interior of a Public Bath* is a novelty, a rare instance of the nude in oriental art. And all the women of the bathhouse are obviously embarrassed to be so caught, clutching towels and shrieking—quite insubstantial and unconvincing as anatomies. Confronted with bare skin, this Japanese artist's sense of pattern was somewhat shattered though not quite destroyed—and thus the 19th century decline, a casting about for subject matter, a loss of poise and no longer a close relationship with an immediate demand so that a vulgarization gradually occurred, and it becomes quite obvious that the artist is falsifying his subject to peddle his wares.

Earlier works demonstrate much more truthfully and effectively the versatility of the medium and are provocative and sophisticated in their use of colors and perspective: the splendid lantern close-up and in the background, the classic facade of the Asakusa Temple, one of Hiroshige's most striking scenes; and, in another vein, the rich resources of literary tradition, Harunobu's *Portrait of O-Sen at the Teahouse*, delineated with the utmost psychological refinement. In gems such as these there are interesting foreshadowings of the Japanese film, also at its best when utilizing similar juxtapositions of figures and architectural facades, and similar costumes and literary sources. In these prints one can observe too, exact models for the stylized grimacing of Kazuo Hasegawa (there he is, as in *Gate of Hell*, in an 18th century Kabuki scene by Toyokuni I).

Six paintings on silk represent the same periods as the prints (two portraits attributed to Matabei and Katsushige, of a poet, Chunagon Asada, and a *Young Samurai* respectively, are of especially high quality) round out the exhibition and make possible a closer investigation and a more historical appreciation of the extraordinary visual sensibilities of Japan, its alternate faces of rawness and refinement.

Chicago

Continued from page 8

Mandara, an important Buddhist kake-mono of the Kamakura Period (1185-1333), is a stately work in excellent preservation, with an unusual emphasis on architectural forms. A large number of buildings, in rigidly formalistic oriental perspective, march into space, almost oblivious of the undulating landscape, with its subtle films of moving color.

Three paintings from the Muromachi Period (1333-1568) carry attributions to important masters, and, whether they are by them or not, are of fine quality. The slender landscapes by Shubun and Sotan are similar in content and composition, but quite distinct in style. Shubun makes effective

Continued on page 33

Reflections on the Japanese Film

by Vernon Young

At one point in *Ugetsu*, Miyagi, wife of the potter Genjuro, staggers across a wartorn landscape with a baby strapped to her back. Accosted by a starving brigand, she refuses him the food she is saving for her child. The man drives a heavy spear into her middle and she falls down. Immediately, by a reflex of self-preserving momentum, she picks herself up, takes three quick steps forward and falls again, the baby on her back wailing continuously. The action is photographed from above, medium distance; within the same frame other figures, victims of the feudal struggles which have laid waste the countryside, stumble on their way or fall to the earth like drugged beetles. The actuality represented is so unspeakably casual it is difficult to believe in the gentle prod of that spear as a mortal puncture. It is indeed difficult to believe you are not seeing a grotesque modern ballet; the performers involved seem so unrelated to each other—so dazed, like tired blind men. The scene is terrible yet remote: remote because its depiction is impersonal, not impervious.

Gilbert Chesterton once wrote that great poetry expresses what is original in but one sense—"the sense in which we speak of original sin. It is original not in the paltry sense of being new but in the deeper sense of being old; it is original in the sense that it deals with origins." The power of the Japanese film at its best—and I am persuaded that in the three period dramas from the Daiei studios shown in the U. S. (*Rashomon*, *Ugetsu* and *Gate of Hell*) we have been seeing it as its best—the power is in its concern with origins: with the basic passions and crises, the seven deadly needs, of men. The essence of the Japanese film is in the gift its directors have for expressing this power in a matrix of beauty: the union of the exquisite with the excruciating. Not since the Russian films of the 1920s has there been a body of cinematic work so startling in its impact (I assume the excellence of at least a half-dozen other Japanese films by current report). But the achievement of Eisenstein and Pudovkin was revolutionary; that of Kura-

sawa or Mizoguchi is nearly sublime. The Russians rationalized the experiments of D. W. Griffith into the central idiom of movie-making; while the Revolution was their coordinating subject they combined a passionate social belief with a dynamic method never surpassed. When their immediate subject was exhausted, they had nothing left to say about man, except that he was happiest when collective.

The Japanese producers, having discovered through the unexpected success of *Rashomon* at the Venice Film Festival that we can be seduced, like the samurai's wife, by barbarism with a style, are finding it profitable to exploit the historical film, their staple domestic product, by imbuing the genre with all the resources of exotic decor, music and photographic treatment at their ingenious disposal. In so doing they have given enormously talented directors repeated opportunities for turning the national tragedy to account by interfusing its moral anxieties with the legendary lore of the land. Style is paying off in the international market. A lucrative irony. The narrative technique of these films is surprisingly Western. What the Japanese have added is a new (to us) beauty within the technique, a beauty distilled from the traditional arts of Japanese theatre—both Kabuki and Noh—and painting and architecture, together with a deep sense of the cruelty man lives and dies by, which is the crucial matter of those films we have seen here and, one gathers from far-flung reviewers, of *Seven Samurai*, *Golden Demon*, *A Woman's Life* and *Yokib*.

Gate of Hell, in its opening sequences, employs the shock-montage of Eisenstein, heightened by the impressive color-montage that assists the cutting crescendo. *Rashomon* and *Ugetsu* are not so constructed; the former is cyclical, the latter sinuously episodic. And although they have captivated an articulate and sizable minority in America, they will never draw masses to the box-office like *Gate of Hell*—for reasons not hard to find if you've ever heard the Kinugasa production discussed by a roomful of women. All

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Scenes (left to right) from *Ugetsu*, *Rashomon* and *Gate of Hell*.

three films feature violent action but in *Gate of Hell* the action is victorious for the "hero." *Gate of Hell* has attempted rape for its climax but the rapist is handsome and the victim virtuous enough not to be a victim. (Except of her own guilt? The ambiguity of her feelings persists in my mind.). The husband is an ethical bystander. The rapist repents and becomes a monk. All in Eastman color . . . In *Rashomon*, however, the rapist is an animalized bandit, the victim is willing and the husband, at one stage of the evidence, is too proud to fight for his roundheeled wife and loses his dignity when he does. The two males of *Ugetsu*, which seemed to me as beautiful as the other films visually, are humble fools, the rape of one wife is casual and abrupt (as is the death of the other) and the scenes of pillage have nothing of the heroism of the battles in *Gate of Hell*. And in both these films one is asked to accept the functional presence of the occult. In short, *Gate of Hell* is a tragic romance that leaves intact one's conception of the nobility of man, under the dispensation of Buddhist ethic. *Rashomon* submits the conception to radical doubt; *Ugetsu* presents characters destined by their status to be victims and offers no purgative like Moritoh's gesture of cutting off his hair—only the

solace of a wife's ghost.

Progressive spokesmen of the Japanese intelligentsia deplore our infatuation with the "glamorous" and hasten to assure us that other films (with wonderful titles like *Tower of Lillies*, *Broken Drum* and *Garden of Women*), unseen outside of Japan, are more closely related to contemporary Japanese problems. Which shows that provincial notions of what is contemporary are not the sole property of pragmatic Westerners. (I recommend to everyone interested in this question a brilliant article by James F. Davidson, "Memory of Defeat in Japan" a reappraisal of *Rashomon*, *Antioch Review*, Winter, 1954-55.) When they tell me, as they have, that there are greater directors than Kurasawa I hold my peace and disbelieve, while anticipating not only his *Seven Samurai* but his modern films *Living* and *Drunken Angel*, whose glories have been extolled by lucky Europeans. From our only topical importation, *Hiroshima*, I cannot fairly draw conclusions, especially as the print we've been shown was pre-censored by the Japanese government. What there is left is a brave but embarrassing effort to face the impossible challenge of re-enacting one of human history's most appalling moments. The result is a patchwork of documentary and exhortation, but in

it there is enough vehemence and shambles for us to infer that the Japanese are quite capable of addressing the contemporary scene with all the incisive taste for horror they have brought to the historical. The bomb arrival, itself, is a superb instance of cinematic economy. A group of girls staring upward to the invisible source of the drone behind the clouds. An explosive flash of light. A horse drops in its shafts; a block of houses is shattered into fragments. That's all. In four cuts the lengthened shadow of man, which Emerson called history, is obliterated. After this the film has nowhere to go; it stumbles, like the potter's wife, through a landscape of pain, without the esthetic of distance.
*How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?*

Books on the Arts of Japan

"THE ARCHITECTURE OF JAPAN" by Arthur Drexler. The Museum of Modern Art. \$6.50.

Based on extensive researches in Japan, this new volume of architectural history and criticism is a comprehensive exposition of all phases of this singular Japanese art. The book opens with a section on the environmental and religious factors which determine Japanese building, and the major burden of the volume is concerned with principles of structure and with the artistic values which have re-opened this subject to the sensibilities of the West. There is also included a supplement on the Japanese Exhibition House, built in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art and open to the public since the summer of 1954.

Among the many exquisite buildings illustrated in Mr. Drexler's book are the three reproduced here. **RIGHT:** Ise Shrine; **BELOW:** Daibutsuden, Todaiji Temple (the largest wood building in the world); **LOWER RIGHT:** Pagoda of Yakushiji Temple.



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The Art of the Japanese Print

"THE FLOATING WORLD" by James Michener. Random House. \$8.75.

by LaVerne George

If Japanese prints were to be deducted from my education, I don't know what direction the whole might have taken."

—Frank Lloyd Wright.

The role of the Japanese print is so taken for granted in the development of modern art and architecture that few people trouble to seek out the prints themselves. Although there are a number of excellent editions of reproductions and studies, they are not widely available, and a book like Michener's could have filled a large need. To a certain extent, it does. His gifts as a story teller come out in the biographical sections devoted to individual artists, and his background in textbooks keeps him mindful of the organization required when dealing with comparatively unfamiliar material. Throughout the book the warmth of his intense affection for the subject serves as a rudder to guide you through the occasional bursts of over-enthusiasm as well as over-dogmatism. You have a sense of a sincere man trying very hard to do the best possible job on a subject he loves; and if he fails at times, you are inclined to sympathize with him.

The major failure, in fact, is not Mr. Michener's. It is in the quality of many of the reproductions. Often the print he refers to falls so far below the claims he makes for it that you begin to doubt his judgment. And if you compare Print No. 26, Kiyonobu's *Spear Dance*, with the one in Willy Boller's *Masters of the Japanese Woodcut*, you will have a gauge to judge the disservice Mr. Michener's printers have done him. In the Michener book, the blacks are fuzzed to a grey blue; the reds to a pale orange, and the composition falls apart as a result of it. In the Boller book (admittedly this was taken from another version of the same print), the blacks are rich velvet in tone; the reds, crisp; and it fully lives up to Mr. Michener's description of it.

However, granting that these technical shortcomings are not the author's fault, there is a weakness in the actual selection of prints to be reproduced for which he takes full responsibility. There are many far better landscapes and nature prints than the ones he has chosen; more dramatic examples of the "elimination of the insignificant" that Wright refers to, and too little evidence of the sources of the modern movement which makes a study of Japanese prints meaningful at this time. This, of course, was not his motive in writing the book, but one would

expect more of a 20th century response in him. Since Japanese prints have shaped so much of our seeing by way of the impressionists and post-impressionists, it is frustrating to find such a small percentage of dramatically simple works among the 65 illustrations Mr. Michener has chosen.

The saving grace of the book, then, lies in the quantity of captivating technical and historic detail which crops up in the text and the impetus it offers the reader to go out and look at the prints himself. The bibliography and careful breakdown as to the location of the excellent collections available in the United States are particularly valuable. Combined with the author's reputation as an "authority" on the Far East and an initiate into Japanese culture, he should draw the attention of a new group of readers to this rich and powerful art form.

"IKEBANA" by Sofu Teshigahara. Wittemborn and Co. \$9.00.

by Suzanne Burrey

That an usually gifted personality has brought new life to Ikebana, the traditional Japanese floral art, is amply illustrated in this comprehensive publication of Sofu Teshigahara's works during a single year. An introduction by Sumio Mizusawa in pleasantly flavored prose explains the historical background how Ikebana originated in 13th century feudal Japan, became restricted to the "toko-no-ma", the sacred room in the house, how it became codified, went through phases of mannerism, vulgarity and academicism, and how Sofu broke from the systematic teachings of his father to found a new school. He not only sought to free Ikebana from the confines of the toko-no-ma and tradition, but approached it as a means of personal expression, as a representation of his feelings toward nature in which, obviously, he is acutely schooled and sensible. He encourages his students too to probe deeply and find fresh ideas and consider the flower as only one of a multitude of possible materials, organic or inorganic.

Some 24 works are illustrated in full color in this folio-sized volume, each explained by Sofu's own comments. Lest the reader, like this reviewer, be inclined at first to think—as indeed Sofu's own classmates are said to have scoffed at his dedication to Ikebana—that flower arrangements can hardly amount to more than a hobby or a nice accomplishment in a hostess, the beauty of the first example, *The New Year*, will win his respect. Three sprigs of pine, one hanging halyconia and an Andersen vase express in a most poetic way a sense of limpid, exotic promise. By the time he approaches a creation as complicated as *The Locomotive*

(Sofu actually conveys a sense of the character and motion of a locomotive by means of a construction of scrap iron, pipe and wheels, crysanthemum, fruit of the hemp palm and sprays of pampas grass) he will have become aware of a new medium that is a far cry from the shop windows of professional florists; it ranks as a form of sculptural art in Sofu's hands.

Sofu compares his work *Champion* to a full length novel—in the time required for its appreciation and in the toil and technique required to execute it. The materials include Cypress, Box-tree, an aged tree, Himuro cedar and wisteria vine, in a carved stone vase, making a sculptural composition seven feet high. On the other hand, the delightful *Pigmy Flowers* are of a single leaf or blossom in a carefully chosen receptacle—a lipstick tube or an Italian glass bottle—each delicately arranged by using forceps. He says that he seeks to capture the "eye" of the flower, its essential beauty, and if the "eye" is properly realized then its essence may be expressed, the entirety of the flower symbolized by a selection from some small portion.

Though he selects from nature and responds to flowers with an oriental sensitivity, Sofu has also been influenced by Western art, by surrealism and abstraction and a completely free and experimental approach to his materials. This particular and very personal synthesis defies the conventions of other schools of Ikebana. He is not at all restricted to the mere combining of flowers and receptacles but uses limbs, twigs, stone, pebbles, sand, scrap iron, wire—even eggs—as well as thousands of vases of every shape and size. Every unused piece of flower is saved in his studio. Similarly, nothing that grows is useless or ugly to Sofu, neither weeds nor grasses nor thorns.

Book Note

"THE JAPANESE HOUSE AND GARDEN" by Tetsuro Yoshida. Translated from the German by Marcus G. Sims. Frederick A. Praeger. \$12.50.

This handsome, readable volume is a new edition of the author's *Das Japanische Wohmbau*, which first appeared in 1935. Reading it now in the context of our revised interest in the arts of Japan, the intervening decades seem to have enhanced its relevance.

The author is an architect himself who has designed many stunning examples of the domestic house and garden to which this book is devoted; and he has constructed even this text with what might be called architectural finesse. Beginning with accounts of both the climatic and cultural milieu of the Japanese house, Yoshida then goes through a systematic study of interior planning, building timbers, constructional details, windows and doors, and of course, the garden which determines so much of the exterior planning in architecture of this kind. The text is lucid and gracious, and it is sustained throughout by photographs and detail drawings.

Report from Italy

by Dore Ashton



Madonna and Child with Saints

The Vatican's Exhibition of Fra Angelico

Like many chroniclers, Vasari tended to base his reportage on faith rather than works. His description of Fra Angelico, written almost a hundred years after the artist's death, tells us that Fra Angelico was a most pious monk who helped the poor, wept when he painted Christ's image, refused an opportunity to raise his status in the church hierarchy, and never touched a brush before saying his prayers. Vasari probably gave an accurate character description, somewhat amplified by the clichés always attached to people of outstanding integrity. But he failed to bring alive the artist in relation to other artists or in relation to his vocational development. Vasari was very fond of the pious image of Fra Angelico, and like many of his successors, he succumbed to the temptation of describing a saint as he imagined a saint to be, rather than an artist who happened to be a religious.

The danger in accepting this saccharine image of Fra Angelico, passed down to us through more than 500 sources, is that it closes us off from the important act of trying to know who the artist really was. For the sake of constructive argument, it would be better to assume that Fra Angelico was no more mystic than any great artist; no more intensely engaged in trying to find a counterpart to his strong feelings than any serious painter. (What, after all, is a mystic today, or five centuries ago, but a man who believes there is a profound truth somewhere available for expression?) Judging from the development in Fra Angelico's work, he was as susceptible to technical, formal and expressive problems as any of the Renaissance painters.

It is hardly heretical to suggest that although Fra Angelico devoted all his efforts to the glory of God, piety was not his only motivation. He must have had a strong sense of *métier*. And he was searching for a perfection which would first meet his standards as an artist, and therefore best convey his devotion to God.

Fra Angelico died just 500 years ago (1455). To celebrate the fifth centenary of his death, the Vatican has organized what is probably the largest group of his works ever to be exhibited together, shown first in Rome during April and May and now at the Monastery of San Marco in Florence. Since it is an official exhibition, it is inevitable that it carries with it the dust of museums and the acid of restoration laboratories. Anyone looking for the artist Angelico had to be frustrated in the inaugural showing by the dismal lighting, the heavy velvet hangings, the overcrowded walls (though visitors had to walk almost a mile through huge empty chambers to reach the three rooms containing the exhibition) and the indiscriminate grouping of authentic with obviously inauthentic works.

Better, as far as atmosphere goes, is the Monastery of San Marco, where Fra Angelico lived and created some of his most important work. There, in the perfection of Michelozzo's architecture, one can imagine the artist busy with his assistants, or painstakingly preparing a ground for an altarpiece, or grinding lapis-lazuli, or discussing commissions with visiting dignitaries. For although the Monastery of San Marco was noted for its purity and piety, it was not closed off from

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The Adoration of the Magi

the world—very far from it. (It wasn't too long after when Savonarola arrived with his harangues, attacking the very conditions which had brought about the remarkable monastery in the first place.)

The present San Marco originated in the time of Cosimo dei Medici, who, after committing a few major transgressions, requested the Pope to assign a "penance" for him to pay. The Pope required him to rebuild San Marco to the extent of 10,000 gold florins. Always capable of a flourish, Cosimo the Great promptly engaged Michelozzo, who was to have built a new palazzo for him, to do the job, which, when finished, cost not 10 but 40,000 florins. He also served a cell for himself for "retirement" and contemplation—a concession which could have been made only in the Renaissance atmosphere of increasing secularization. Obviously, such a background would not have encouraged the growth of Fra Angelico as an isolated ascetic. He served God not anonymously, as the medieval artist had done, but as a Renaissance man.

One of the main problems in reconstructing a Quattrocento personality is the paucity of documentation. It is presumed that Fra Angelico was born in 1387 (very problematic) in Vicchio, in the territory of Mugello. When he joined the Dominican Order, he changed his name from Guido to Giovanni and later came to be known as Fra Giovanni da Fiesole. He joined the order with his brother, a calligrapher, at an unconfirmed date and no one has been able to establish if he had been a painter before. As a novice

he traveled a good deal, fled the plague in Cortona with his order, was uprooted several times before he came definitely to the monastery in Fiesole, probably only after 1411, to settle. Until 1420, historians can give only tentative theories about his activities, and there is little evidence suggesting what formative influences worked on the young painter. But judging from the earliest ascribed works, one can see that the floreate gothicism of Lorenzo Monaco had impressed him. It is probably also true that Ghiberti—cited always as a "bridge" stylist, carrying over medieval to Renaissance—had excited young Fra Angelico. Ghiberti's first bronze doors for the Baptistry in Florence, demonstrating what Professor Longhi calls his "medieval classicism," probably had a strong appeal for Fra Angelico, who by temperament was drawn to simplicity. By the time the order was installed in San Marco, around 1437, Fra Angelico had already moved out into the Renaissance arena.

It is only in the works themselves that we can find Fra Angelico the artist, subject to a wide set of stimulants and eager enough to develop his style. For he must have been acquainted with the "avant garde" of his day, must have evaluated their ideas and selected those most suitable for him. Although he was born before Massaccio, Uccello, Fra Filippo Lippi and all the great Quattrocento painters, stylistically he belongs among them.

Before looking for signs and progressions in the collected works in this exhibition, any visitor would be wise to empty his mind and eye of art-historical methods of evaluation. The fact is that just about everything ascribed to Fra Angelico has been disputed among the scholars. Of some 50 major experts, it is rare to find a majority agreement on any single work. One brilliant scholar, John Pope-Hennessy, disagrees with almost everyone. Furthermore, many of the paintings ascribed to Fra Angelico have suffered centuries of restoration, a deadly factor in determining authenticity. One large altarpiece in this exhibition—a monstrously distorted work—was already recorded by Vasari as extensively "retouched." And the other examples of like treatment are legion in the show. When faced with an inferior panel, art historians have a stock "fall guy"—one Zanobi Strozzi, who was Fra Angelico's assistant and probably did more of the paintings in this show than Fra Angelico himself. (Others mentioned as either collaborators or copyists include both Baldovinetti and Gozzoli.) Ultimately, an intelligent eye plus a healthy mistrust of restorers must guide the spectator.

Among the early works which express most eloquently Fra Angelico's gift for linear rhythms and inventive color schemes is the small, Gothic arched panel showing the *Annunciation* above and the *Adoration of the Magi* below. Still in the Monaco tradition (Martini, too) this lovely design depends on flowing line and brilliant flat colors for effect. The all-over pattern in the real gold back-drop emphasizes the arabesques which are handled so discreetly in this and later work. This small panel partially supports the theory that Fra Angelico had begun as a miniaturist. It has, along with the famous *Coronation of the Virgin*, many Trecento traits, such as the exaggerated slenderness of the figures, the airiness of the step, and the decorative qualities which later are diminished.

From here on there are visible "developments" in Fra Angelico's style, often reflecting intercourse with fellow art-

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Los Angeles

by Henry J. Seldis

Southern California museums have been deplorably poor in collections of modern works demonstrative of a recognized 20th Century school. The painful blundering which lost the Arensberg Collection for this area left it bereft of any cohesive public collection devoted to such works.

The first showing of its Galka E. Scheyer Collection at the Pasadena Museum of Art is, therefore, important in several different aspects. It presents, quantitatively and qualitatively, an important collection of paintings, drawings and prints by the "Blue Four," augmented by paintings by Picasso, Nolde, Rivera, Archipenko, Moholy-Nagy and other noted modern pioneers.

It contains 60 Klee's, 46 Feiningers, 20 Kandinskys and 120 Jawlenskys, chosen by the friend and patron who first introduced them to this country. It is a revealing reflection of one person's taste. Furthermore it fulfills, in a particular field, the long-felt need of Southern California artists to study firsthand examples of early 20th Century works in an historically and esthetically valid grouping.

An artist and internationally known

child psychologist, Galka Scheyer came to the United States in the 1920s and spent the last 20 years of her life in a Neutra-built house in the Hollywood hills. On her arrival in New York, she arranged immediately for a joint showing of works by her close friends Klee, Feininger, Kandinsky and Jawlensky. In a letter to her regarding the project, Klee wrote: "I would like to tell you, in agreement with Kandinsky, that this should not be considered an official association. You probably do not intend that either. On the other hand, it is perhaps quite good to name with a collective word the relationship of the works to be selected. About the name itself we are not quite clear. In no case may it end with isms or ists."

Mme. Scheyer chose the name "Blue Four" explaining that "a group of four would be significant though not arrogant, and the color blue was added because of the association with the early group of artists in Munich that founded the 'Blue Horseman' . . . and also because blue is a spiritual color."

In viewing the work of the four artists, hung in separate but adjoining galleries, one is reminded that their similarities are limited to their predominant stress on linear approach, their indefatigable inventiveness and of course their personal friendships.

The collection is matchless in its pro-

fusion of rare Klee drawings, watercolors and prints, ranging from 1904 to 1933, and also especially noteworthy for its early, oftentimes humorous, drawings and watercolors by Feininger. One large Kandinsky oil reveals him once more as a sophisticated colorist and visual metaphysician, while his watercolors and prints in the collection give further insight into his mathematical esthetic of point to line and plane.

Jawlensky's essentially static experimentation is emphasized by the overabundance of his work in this collection. Most satisfying among his paintings shown are highly keyed portraits and landscapes which resemble the works of expressionists like Pechstein and represent a German parallel to the Fauvist movement.

Jawlensky's mixture of sardonic wit and almost wistful mysticism, along with his incredibly intricate draftsmanship, represent the greatest riches in the Pasadena Museum's inheritance. It is rich also in early Feiningers of which *Blue Skyscrapers* (1937) is remarkable for its close resemblance to his most recent work.

In considering Kandinsky's pioneering non-objective work it is of special interest at this time to re-emphasize that this intellectual, pseudo-scientific painter was as far removed from the emotional impact of expressionism as most contemporary non-objective painters are close to it. Emotional outpourings and intuitive expressions were completely foreign to him.

The decision of the Galka E. Scheyer estate trustees to place this important collection in a Southern California museum, although they were unable to follow their original plan to give it to UCLA along with the Arensberg Collection, is a significant step toward the development of important public collections of modern art in this area. It will be a major source of study and inspiration to West Coast painters and a nationally important research center for art historians interested in the "Blue Four" and their contributions to the modern tradition.

The current exhibition, skillfully edited and installed by director Joseph Fulton, is accompanied by a helpful checklist. The Pasadena Museum will eventually publish a definitive and fully illustrated catalog of its Galka E. Scheyer Collection.

San Francisco

by Lawrence Ferlinghetti

A return to nature is what the local press here has been touting in its reviews of museum exhibitions such as the San Francisco Museum of Art's "Bay Region Painting and Sculpture" earlier this season. This exhibition consisted of works by 43 artists who were chosen by members of the various

Jawlensky: *Brush drawing*. Galka Scheyer Collection



boards of the Museum, and this method of selection prompted the *Chronicle's* Alfred Frankenstein cautiously to observe that "the result provokes the interesting reflection that the modern artists of this area may be considerably more responsive to social pressures than they are supposed to be."

The above combination of circumstances prompts us to wonder whether this "return to nature" is a spontaneous reaction by local artists or a reaction more or less dictated by the lay public as represented by museum members (some 100 of whom participated in the balloting). It is true that large segments of the general public are continually baffled by the latest movements of modern art, and the public, as Jean Cocteau once observed, never adopts "today" except as an arm with which to beat "yesterday." And so now the so-recent yesterdays of abstract painting are already getting their knocks.

And not without reason. By 1984, the San Francisco *avant garde* movement of the decade following World War II may well be seen as The Last Frontier School of Abstract Expressionism. Not that it has gone further than modern art as a whole in creating its own autonomous "reality," a phenomenal reality not derivative but parallel to the experience of the external world. But some of the leading painters here have been particularly frantic in their role of independently supreme Creators. Especially in the late 1940s, theirs was a particularly wild-western kind of independence, their "action" painting an esthetic parallel to the classic picture of westerners shooting off guns through the roof. They had their eye on the sky, and the sky was no symbol for heaven. But the autonomous world which these open-form painters created seemed like an empty world to much of the public. Painters such as Hassel Smith created a Nowhere as depopulated, as depersonalized, and as devoid of the predicaments of sentiment as any to be found in modern art. And in spite of their insistent emphasis on sensuous originality and upon the self-sufficient action of painting, many of their works came to have a certain anonymity and even a conformity of style and technique. Theirs is a perfected mask for the artist's existential self, and the lay public, long befuddled by it all, quite naturally turns back to more familiar "nature."

But not without protest from the painters themselves. Conspicuous by their slim showing not only at the Bay Region exhibition but also at the Art Association Annual earlier in the spring, the open-form painters were to be found in force recently in the galleries of lower Fillmore Street. The "6", a co-operative organized by some of the better young painters, showed the works of 31 artists, two-thirds of

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Music

by Alfred Frankenstein

It is no new thing for operas to be reduced in length in order to accommodate them to phonograph records, but for an opera to be completely restyled for recording purposes and emerge a uniquely powerful affair that would otherwise not exist is decidedly unusual. This is what has happened to *Sandhog*, an opera by Waldo Salt and Earl Robinson just released under the Vanguard label.

Sandhog is an opera about the Irish laborers who built the tunnels under the Hudson in the 1870s. It is based upon several stories by Theodore Dreiser and was staged, with a full and proper cast, last year in New York. In the recording there are only two performers—Robinson, who sings all the parts and plays the score on the piano, and Salt, the librettist, who reads a text connecting the musical incidents and frequently continues his recitation along with Robinson's music.

This is the type of subject that lends itself especially well to the theater of the mind. A half finished tunnel under the Hudson and the explosions and disasters that occurred there are not easily realized on a stage, but one's imagination, directed by Salt's text and heightened by Robinson's music, can create the scene in its full grandeur and terror. Robinson also has an excellent sense of folkways and reconstructs the color of New York Irish life in highly effective style. The whole piece, despite its occasional reliance upon clichés of characterization, has a great deal of power, much of which is due to the unique form of its presentation. It does for opera what the Ashcan School did for painting. That it does so nearly half a century after the Ashcan School made its stir is significant of the creative lag between music and the visual arts in America.

Another recorded opera I have enjoyed immensely is Chabrier's *Une Education Manquée*, also issued on Vanguard by Christiane Castelli, Claudine Collart, and Xavier Depraz, with the Symphony Orchestra of Paris, Charles Bruck conducting.

Chabrier's operas are totally unknown in this country; the prodigious liveliness, exuberance and vivacity of his style are familiar to us mainly through instrumental pieces like *Espana* and the *Bourrée Fantasque* which were actually minor expressions of his genius. *Une Education Manquée* is a one-act opera on a very French libretto that is decidedly not for children, but it is handled with a pointed humor, subtlety and tunefulness all but unparalleled in the literature of the musical stage except in the works of Mozart. It is superbly performed and beautifully recorded.

* * *

"Mr. Petrillo, meet General Sarnoff. General Sarnoff, Mr. Petrillo."

These amenities having been observed, the General, who is chairman of the board of the Radio Corporation of America, proceeds to introduce the RCA Electronic Music Synthesizer, described as "a system capable of creating any sound which has ever been produced and any sound that may be imagined by the human mind." The General says this new machine, which has just made its debut on an RCA Victor record, "challenges the arts and sciences to work together and bring their respective talents and skills into focus." He speaks of "intellectual camaraderie" between engineers and musicians so that they may "see the fruits of genius bloom in the vineyards of the cultural arts."

Yeah, man! Further down in the fine print we read that the electronic music synthesizer is "a totally versatile system that requires no manual dexterity." In other words, it is no longer necessary to slave over a hot keyboard; the sounds of all existing musical instruments can be produced by punching holes in a card, and the musical executant is obsolete. Conservatories and musical instrument factories close their doors, symphony orchestras carry out their perennial threat to give up the ghost, and the General's boys take over.

To be sure, the synthesizer is still a cloud not much bigger than a man's hand, but it is an established fact of contemporary musical life with which we shall have to exist, and there is no telling where it may lead.

The record indicates that the device is at present in a crudely experimental stage and in the hands of electronics experts whose ideas of music are quite naive. Inventions usually begin by imitating the things they are designed to replace. The earliest automobile bodies were equipped with sockets for holding buggy whips, and the RCA music synthesizer has so far been used, if the testimony of the record is complete, almost solely to imitate the sounds of the piano, harpsichord, organ, orchestra, and voice. The voice is monstrous and unrecognizable, but the other imitations are not at all bad. To be sure, there is a mechanical, nickelodeon-like quality to the whole performance, but that, one suspects, is due more to the limitations of the present synthesists than to the limitations of their instrument; at all events, it is sure to be eliminated. But the thing will come into its own not when it is devoted to Irving Berlin and Stephen Foster, or even to Bach and Brahms, as on the introductory disc, but when it is turned loose on new creation in terms of timbres, rhythms, and harmonies not yet imagined.

And now if the General's television department will give us a picture synthesizer . . .

Month in Review

Adventures in Primitive Art

Three fierce-faced cedar house posts by the war-like Kwakiutl Indians of Vancouver, totemic columns over ten feet tall, stand impressively at the entrance to this exhibition, in the main lobby of the Brooklyn Museum. The more massive carvings are in this space: a ceremonial-sized wooden bowl on four legs from the Admiralty Isles, with sensitively curved lip and handles; and one of those remarkably animated creations of the Northwest Indians, an eagle with alerted wings. The most elaborate of the New Ireland carvings stands here too—an Uli figure painted in earthen red, black and white which delineates the grim teeth and beard and a complex of decoration in relief. Conceived in the round, incorporating cut-out areas as well, this is only one in a distinctive style of painted sculpture from a New Ireland culture which makes up an important showcase in the next room.

Primitive art, however, (as the permanent installations beyond so comprehensively demonstrate) is by no means limited to horrendous masks and totems, and this introductory exhibition also includes examples of high quality in other areas. Fine goldsmithing by the peoples of Africa and South and Central America produced pins and pendants and figurines whose designs are integrally shaped by their subjects—a pert bird, a coiled snake, the many-legged spider—or geometric symbols from the mathematically conscious Maya culture. Textiles from Peru have an angular geometry regulated by the complex of looms they used, and often the patterns are clearly derived from masks, birds or animals, carried out in a wealth of dyes whose range and durability of color provide tremendous resources for the skilled artisan. The Peruvian shirt on exhibition is a textile of outstanding beauty.

Stone, wood and bronze, as well as bark for costumes and home decoration are other materials shown; by no means the least interesting of the group are some delicately woven baskets from 19th century California.

Alien though some may seem in symbolism—the slab with monkey gods, for instance, even these display a coherence in design which is readily accessible. On the other hand, there is an eloquent block of a man holding a squash, carved by a 15th century Aztec whose integral existence as a human figure is more powerful than any modern manifesto on the nature of stone sculpture.

Selected not chronologically or anthropologically, but "adventurously," the exhibition not only offers a wide-range glimpse of human endeavor, but provokes questions about some of the interesting correspondences in man's art of which Malraux is so aware: the "Attic" look of the bowl from the Admiralty Islands, its Grecian proportions on a large scale; the "African" look of the faces (called "typical Sepik river style") on the stand for the slit gong from New Guinea; the extraordinary parallel in the form of the Chica vessel from Costa Rica, a tripod based on the jaguar, and certain Chinese bronzes. Mr. Frederick Pleasants, Curator of Primitive Art, has indeed selected these particular works with a view to their encyclopedic implications in the history of art. (Brooklyn Museum, to September 6.)—S.B.

Sculptors' Guild

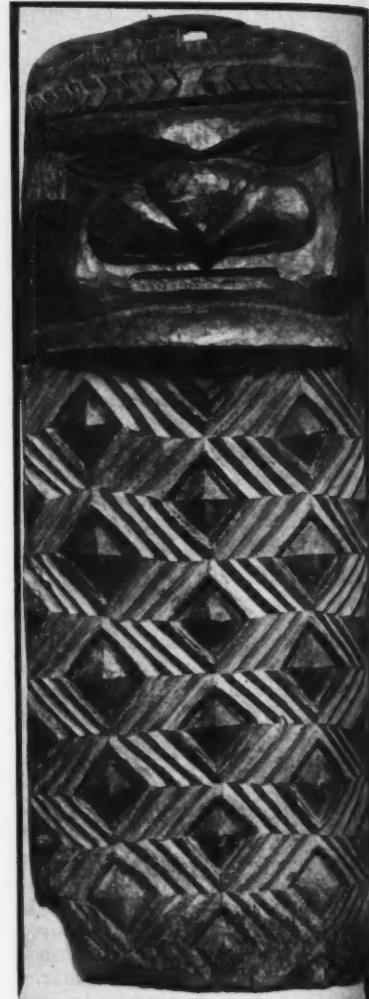
In a sunny, outdoor garden adjoining the Guggenheim Museum, one can sample some hundred works by members of the Sculptors' Guild. By and large, the show is weighted down by the backwaters of American sculpture. There are all too many blandly classifying marbles of women and children, grim granite prophets, chunky animals, and chastened Michelangelisms—works, that is, which temper traditional plastic conceptions with superficial modernisms. Still, there are enough pieces here to keep one's attention and to indicate the experimental vigor of sculpture today. Of these, I would mention Sidney Gordin's steel constructions, with their intricate geometric networks; their counterpart in terms of an irregular geometry and bronze surface, Ibram Lassaw's *Cylène*; Bernard Rosenthal's *Reclining Woman*, a predatory, insect-like skeleton; Calvin Albert's convulsive clusters of lead on a spiky armature; Gwen Lux's exuberant, if loose-jointed, polychrome *Festival*; and by no means least, Louise Nevelson's *Personage in the Black Forest*, a primeval landscape of totemic shapes animated by the haunting presence of a face scratched upon the dark wood. (Sculptors' Guild, 5th Ave. & 89th Street, to Sept.)—R.R.

Dugmore, Briggs, Mitchell

In a fiery, orange-red canvas, Dugmore achieves an impressively individual pictorial statement, in which glowing, squarish color patches, elegantly tempered by a buff strip along the upper border, create a sumptuous harmony of unusual firmness and breadth. If his other two paintings are less secure and hence less arresting, their investigations of



Stone man holding squash, 16th century Aztec. At the Brooklyn Museum



Wooden housepost, New Caledonia. At the Brooklyn Museum

a balance between a large, spreading color area and a narrow edge of tangled, crowded shapes may turn out to be even more rewarding. If Dugmore eschews line as a structural means, Ernest Briggs still depends on it in part. A work such as his large diptych, however, is so torrential and sweeping in its rhythms, that the linear networks seem to be exploded into fragmented splatters of autumnal colors countered by coal blacks and icy whites.

By contrast, Joan Mitchell's art offers a more intimate sensibility. The varied complexity of her small, ragged brushstrokes merges into a shimmering, crystalline structure of unusual spatial suggestiveness, rather like a view into a dense and groundless forest. Although the refinements of her art often imply a small scale, she is perhaps even more effective in her large canvases, where her kaleidoscopic intricacies of space and color are permitted a more expansive freedom. (Stable.)—R.R.

Charlot Serneaux-Gregori

Born in Silesia in a famed historic castle on a 7000 acre estate, Charlot Serneaux-Gregori has led an exciting life of adventure, becoming the first foreign woman exporter in Japan where she spent the years during the Second World War, cut off from family and friends. She has now settled in Woodstock

and has taken up painting during the last two years. Her first show is an astonishing one in view of the short duration of her career as an artist, for her painting is utterly lacking in the timidity of the novice and displays a boldness and direct expressive power which lend maturity and conviction to the work. Because she has restricted her color in these portraits to one or two tones, the distorted contours and dramatic configurations emerge with particular severity and sweeping rhythmic clarity. There is a haunted, almost possessed quality to her phantom-like figures and melancholy sorrow in the deeply incised lines of the twisted countenances. (Crespi, through Sept.)

—M.S.

Morris Group

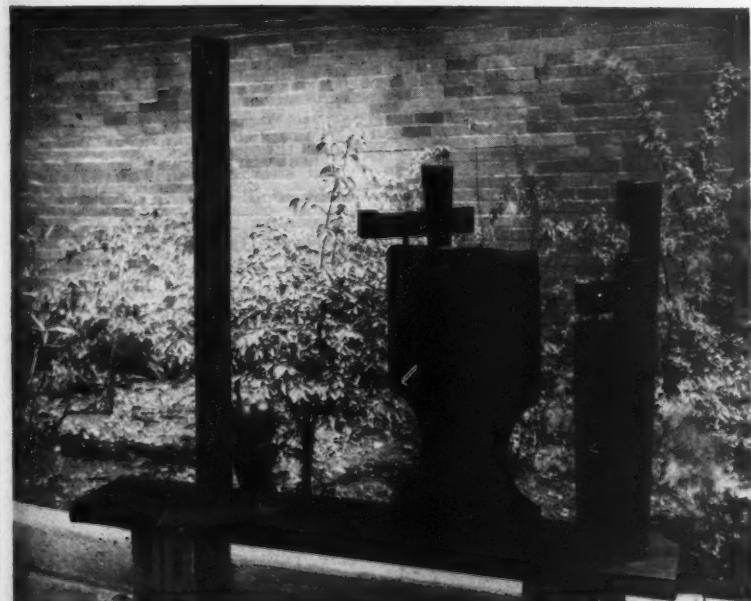
This gallery's policy of holding periodic open shows to which artists from all parts of the country may contribute has resulted, in the current summer exhibition, in an exhibition as various in style as it is in degrees of competence. Among the highly individual paintings in the first phase of the show (the second half will be on display

during August) are Theora Hamblett's unique and charming, if rather sophisticated, "primitive" work, *The Tree*, C. K. Lassiter's grey-green landscape with its tremulous nuances and modulated tones, Albert Aloe's gay and playful abstraction and Caroline Lobravico's quietly lyric paintings, *Musicians* and *Seated Figure*. Other notable contributions are made by Frank Casa who exhibits tumultuous abstractions and Raiford Porter who recently spent a year in India on a Fulbright. (Morris, through Sept. 1.) —M.S.

Felix Topolsky

Topolsky's Chronicle, the subject of this exhibition, is a slim semi-monthly publication issued in London single-handed by Polish-born artist and illustrator Felix Topolsky. Its several large pages are filled with vivid lively drawings in which the artist records his observations on places he visits or topic which occur to him such as "Costumes of the British Male." A lively wit as well as a sprightly hand make this an entertaining as well as singular periodical. (Wittenborn, to August 12.) —M.S.

Ernest Briggs: *Painting*. At the Stable Gallery.



Louise Nevelson: *Personnage in the Black Forest*. Sculptors' Guild

Panoras Group

The most *avant-garde* of this group, Helen Avlonitis, builds loose and airy color abstractions of slack, dripping brushstrokes. The discipline still wanting in her work is evident in Reid Miles' subtle adjustments of irregularly contoured circles and rectangles to a chalky surface and a muffled palette. Charles Nagas' leaf-like, floating shapes are innocuous, but vapid, and Masatake Saito plays very minor variations on several Picasso themes. More originality is shown by Paul Shimon, who works rubbly, mottled surfaces into a discreet black grid, and Dorothy Rose, who creates churning, molten forms with her swirling, curving brushwork. (Panoras, August 29 to Sept. 10.) —R.R.

Kottler Group

Easily the most accomplished artist here is Frank Vavruska, whose canvases combine an evocative imagery, suggesting exotic reminiscences of Africa or Venice, with a taut and intriguing counterpoint of line and fragile tonalities of dusty reds, pale greys and greens. Joseph di Donato's seascapes also attract the eye by virtue of their sprightly, brisk brushstrokes and fresh, vivid colors. On a much lower par are such items as Sally McLean's color abstractions, whose fluidity verges on limpness; or the more jagged and angular abstractions of Grace Amberson and Elizabeth Bintz. (Kottler, to August 13.) —R.R.

Bodley Group

While the diversity of this selection is appealing there is little else to recommend it. Too many of its painters are immature or amateurish, mechanically repeating shop-worn painting modes. As is often the case it is the abstract painting in the group which evinces the most excitement and potential for future development, though even here the general inexperience manifests itself. The abstract oils of Earle Olsen show more authority, especially his untitled study in subtly harmonized blue, green and yellows. Its excellently stated color intervals structure an atmosphere of space and a sense of form that gains some pictorial reality. Arnold Leondar's *Moons and Trees*, though expressive in paint handling, is unfortunately too clumsy in composition and drawing. A few others such as Ceil Wallcott and James Harvey are also worthy of mention. (Bodley, to Sept. 10.) —A.N.

Cornell and Lewitin

Cornell is well-known to gallery-goers and the magic boxes he constructs are familiar images. The poetry and inventiveness of his strange, encased worlds is certainly provocative but their symbolism impresses me as more apparent than real. Abstract and non-literary, they have a symbolic look, of hidden meaning locked within, although for the most part they are the intellectual offspring of a playful sensibility.

The collages of Lewitin also have a symbolic cast although their representational cut-out images are concerned with communicating definite, literary meaning. Composed with great love and care, and almost classical sensitivity, Lewitin's collages are tender and exquisite things. Considered for their pictoriality alone, the complex craftsmanship is impeccable and the imaginative range is broad. (Stable.) —A.N.

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Spectrum

Continued from page 5

member individual works. In fact, after a few days we had seen enough magnificent pictures of the Virgin, saints and princes to last a long while. Nowhere have we seen such an abundance of masterpieces. Just as it began to pall, we discovered Michelangelo's *David*. This huge statue in the Acadamy stands alone at the end of a long gallery which contains old tapestries, unfinished Michelangelos and works by lesser sculptors. As soon as one sees it the other works in the gallery are dwarfed as are almost all previously seen masterpieces. The old marble glows with life, and *David* emerges from history so that one feels that he too is in the room, strong and rhythmical, ready to do battle for liberty and ready to sing of the joys of life.

We found no interest in contemporary art in Florence, and only a few galleries with anything but bric-a-brac. An outdoor exhibition and a new contemporary gallery showed only derivative dull work, and we did not hear of any creative artists now living there. This city which spawned so many past greats is now a huge museum dominated by its glorious past. Although the tempo of life is more rapid, unlike Rome there is little place for the art of today. The most recent works in the gallery of modern art are mediocre paintings from the 1920s hidden in a corner of the Pitti Palace. Michelangelo, with his court of Giotto, Titian, Angelico, Raphael etc., rules Florence in apparent perpetuity.

San Francisco

Continued from page 26

whom had had paintings rejected at the Annual. Included were such artists as Ronald Bladen, Ralph DuCasse, Richard Diebenkorn, Julius Wasserstein, and Wally Hedrick, as well as half a dozen non-objective painters of some note who had not entered the Annual.

At the East and West Gallery, a small showplace opened recently by Mrs. Leonid Gechtoff (formerly director of the Lush Gallery in Philadelphia), nine painters exhibited. Outstanding among them were Hassel Smith, James Kelly, and James Weeks Smith (whom we mentioned above) and Kelly are very individual masters of the open-form style, and yet in the paintings of both was to be found the dead-end anonymity of which we spoke earlier. Their paintings and the painting of Ronald Bladen at the "6" are perhaps the most powerfully and sensitively successful examples of the open-form style as it has developed here. Perhaps they represent the ultimate possibilities of abstract expressionism—the final, beautiful, lonely vision.

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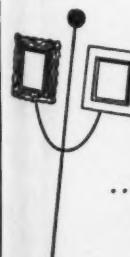
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New Orleans, Louisiana

ART ASSOCIATION OF NEW ORLEANS 31ST AUTUMN ANNUAL, Isaac Delgado Museum, Oct. 2-25. Open to members of the Association. Membership open to all artists; \$5 annual dues. All media. All entries exhibited. Prizes. Entries due before Sept. 24. Write Delgado Museum of Art, City Park, New Orleans 19, La.

New York, N. Y.

CITY CENTER GALLERY OCTOBER EXHIBITION, Oct. 4-30. Open to all artists. Media: oil painting. Maximum size 44" wide by 48" high. Jury: Perle Fine, Sidney Simon, Joseph Hirsch. Prizes. Entry fee: \$2. Receiving days: Sept. 15-16. Entry cards may be obtained by writing Mrs. Ruth Yates, Director, 58 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

New York, New York

RECENT DRAWINGS, U.S.A., Museum of Modern Art. Sponsored by the Museum's Junior Council. Exhibition to be held in spring of 1956. Open to all artists who are permanent residents of the U. S. Media: drawings (a work executed in black or one color on paper substance). Selection to be made by the museum staff. Entry fee: \$3 for three drawings. Entry cards due by Nov. 1. Write to Junior Council Drawing Exhibition, Museum of Modern Art, 21 West 53rd Street, New York 19, N. Y.

New York, New York

ALLIED ARTISTS OF AMERICA 42ND ANNUAL EXHIBITION, National Academy Galleries, Oct. 27-Nov. 13. Media: oils, watercolor, sculpture. Entry fee: \$4. Jury: prizes. Receiving day: October 13. For information and entry blanks apply Mr. David Humphreys, 450 East 63rd Street, New York 21, N. Y. Phone: TE 8-9284.

Oakland, California

1ST NATIONAL PRINT EXHIBITION, Bay Printmakers Society, October, 1955. Open to all artists residing in U.S.A. All print media. Prizes. Entry forms due Sept. 25. Write: Bay Printmakers Society, 5495 Claremont Avenue, Oakland 9, Calif.

Peoria, Illinois

BRADLEY UNIVERSITY 6TH ANNUAL NATIONAL PRINT EXHIBITION, Peoria Art Center, Nov. 6 to Dec. 4. Open to all artists in U. S. and territories. All print media except monotypes. Prizes. Entry fee: \$2. Entry cards due Oct. 24; work due Oct. 31. For information write to Dr. Leon Engers, Director, School of Art, Bradley University, Peoria, Illinois.

Regional

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14TH ANNUAL LOUISIANA STATE ART EXHIBITION sponsored by the Louisiana Art Commission. September 11-Oct. 2 at the Louisiana Art Commission Galleries. Paintings, graphics, sculpture, ceramics, crafts. Open to all Louisiana artists. No fee. Jury, prizes. Entry cards and work due Sept. 2. For entry blanks and information write to Jay R. Brouard, Director, Louisiana Art Commission, Old State Capitol, Baton Rouge 2, La.

Clinton, New Jersey

2ND STATE-WIDE EXHIBITION, Hunterdon County Art Center. Open to New Jersey artists. Media: oils and water colors. Jury, prizes. Entries due August 6. Write: Hunterdon County Art Center, Clinton, N. J.

Dallas, Texas

17TH STATE FAIR OF TEXAS ANNUAL PAINTING AND SCULPTURE EXHIBITION. Exhibited Oct., 1955 to April, 1956 at Texas museums. Open to Texas residents. No fee. Juror: Lloyd Goodrich. Entries due Sept. 11. Purchase awards and prizes. For entry blanks and information write Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Dallas 26, Texas.

Massillon, Ohio

MASSILLON MUSEUM 20th ANNUAL NOVEMBER SHOW. Open to present and former residents of Ohio. All Media. Jury: Baldwin Awards. Entries due through Oct. 29. Write: Albert Hise, Curator, Massillon Museum, 212 Lincoln Way E., Massillon, Ohio.

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Memphis, Tennessee

5TH MEMPHIS BIENNIAL, Dec. 2-25. Paintings, sculptures, graphic arts. Jury, prizes. Entry fee: \$2.00 per entry. Work due: Nov. 10. Natives or residents of Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee eligible. Write to Louise B. Clark, Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, Overton Park, Memphis, Tennessee.

Miami Beach, Florida

FLORIDA CRAFTSMEN'S 5TH ANNUAL STATE CRAFT SHOW, Miami Beach Art Center, Nov. 7-23. Open to members of Florida Craftsmen. Media: all crafts, sculpture under 20". Jury, prizes. Entry fee. For details write: Summer Foster, 1615 N.E. 109th St., Miami 38, Florida.

Sioux City, Iowa

AREA ARTIST SHOW, Sioux City Art Center, Sept. 26 to Oct. 14. Open to artists within 50 mile radius of Sioux City. All media. Jury, prizes. No entry fee. Work due Sept. 19. Write: David P. Skeggs, Director, Sioux City Art Center, Sioux City, Iowa.

Sioux City, Iowa

SIOUXLAND WATERCOLOR SHOW, Sioux City Art Center, Oct. 17 to Nov. 4, followed by traveling show. Open to artists of Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota, Minnesota, Kansas, Missouri. Media: watercolor only. Jury: purchase awards. Entry fee: \$2. Work due Oct. 5. Write: David P. Skeggs, Director, Sioux City Art Center, Commerce Building, Sioux City, Iowa.

Fra Angelico *Continued from page 25*

ists. It is said, for example, that the large altarpiece *The Madonna and Child Enthroned with Saints Peter Martyr, John the Evangelist, Laurence, Francis, Cosma and Damian* reflects the artist's contact with Michelozzo, whose architectonic principles are enacted in the painting. Whatever the influences, this altarpiece is one of the first purely Renaissance compositions Fra Angelico tackled. Gone is the Gothic arabesque and the arch. Instead, the saints are ranged horizontally (perhaps the first painting in history to show saints united around the Virgin) in a unified space in a trabeated architectural setting. In formal terms then, Fra Angelico was progressing. In emotional, expressive terms, he was unsurpassed. They say that Fra Angelico was no innovator, having taken his cues from the more revolutionary and younger painters of his day. But they are speaking of formal devices, such as perspective, or variations in presenting traditional themes, which is, after all, an anecdotal gift. It is as a colorist that Fra Angelico is audacious, even revolutionary. Who but a superb colorist would dare to play off shell-pink, marble-pink and pomegranate red the way he does in the composition? Who could have achieved the curious illumination by making a blue-green band of sky; sea-green architecture; real gold back-drop, and setting this all in relation to the reds? His confrères must have talked long and loud about Fra Angelico's curious color predilections.

When it comes to the justly famous *Annunciation*, painted for the Church of St. Dominic in Cortona, not even the cavilling art historians can deny that it is a first-class masterpiece, decidedly autographic. Again, Fra Angelico works pink on red, achieving breathtaking harmonies. He brings the scene close to us so that the sacred hush is almost upon us. A slow rhythm of Renaissance arches establishes the serene mood. Fra Angelico's studies in perspective had been success-

ful, and in this piece he suggests deep space. Here also begins a presentation of indoor-outdoor scenes which seemed to fascinate Fra Angelico as much as they did the Dutch "little masters."

The predella for the *Annunciation*, one of the artist's best, depicts the life of the Virgin, and is even more fully in the Renaissance mode, utilizing deep perspective. One of these panels is among the most beautiful small compositions of his entire oeuvre. It is the *Visitation*, often classified as the first recognizable landscape in art history. (The image of Castiglion del Lago in background.) Aside from the significant fact of the landscape, an innovation which reveals Fra Angelico's curiosity and his interest in his surroundings, the painting is an admirable example of interesting abstract composing, both in disposition of lights and darks and in the arresting shapes. It is again an indoor-outdoor idea, and a convincing description of the meeting.

Another major work showing the philosophical change in Fra Angelico is the *Deposition*, in which humanist principles are fully realized. There are said to be portraits of Michelozzo and Strozzi; there is an identifiable landscape; and the figures are grouped with the solidity of a Massaccio composition.

There would not be space enough to enumerate Fra Angelico's virtues as an artist. His stature in his own time is proven by the influence on his successors, the most famous being Raphael, who was probably influenced by the *Universal Judgment* when he painted his *Disputation*. But Fra Angelico's stature goes beyond that. How can one praise enough the ensemble of frescoes at San Marco (above all the profoundly moving *Crucifixion*)? Or his delicate predella compositions? Or the Chapel of Nicholas V (so worked over that only the idea remains) or any of the countless commissioned works he produced in his lifetime?

Parke-Bernet's Season Summed Up

The 1954-55 season at Parke-Bernet Galleries brought to auction an unusually large number of estate collections distinguished by the quality and variety of their properties. Followers of ARTS DIGEST's Auction Calendar are familiar with the collectors' names—Ruth Vanderbilt Twombly, Katherine Deere Butterworth, Alfred H. Caspary, Arthur Bradley Campbell, Dr. S. Zalman Yovely—and the offerings—Old Master and Barbizon paintings; French furniture and objets d'art; English and American furniture, silver and sporting paintings; Americana; precious-stone jewelry; antique Chinese furniture; Hebraica; and modern European paintings. Parke-Bernet's grosses for this season amounted to \$5,447,634, nearly one and a quarter million over sales held during the preceding season. The highest single price, \$34,000, was paid for the painting *Woman Nursing Her Child*, by Pieter de Hooch (see cut), with Old Masters and XIX century works (Hals, Constable, Corot) commanding prices in that range. Among the modern paintings offered, Cézanne's still life, *The Water Can*, sold for \$19,000, and works by Modigliani, Bonnard, Matisse, Braque and Picasso followed. Commenting on this season, Leslie A. Hyam, president of the galleries, found that the break-up of large estate collections and their dispersal into the smaller and more numerous contemporary collections "reflect more and more the profound social and economic changes which have taken place in America . . . producing a different pattern of ownership and a revision of the concept of collecting."



Calendar of Exhibitions

ALBANY, N. Y.
Institute Aug. 30-Sept. 15: S. Fonda.

ATHENS, GA.
Museum Aug.: Florida Artists.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
Hotel Dennis Gallery Aug.: Whitney Fellowship Winners.

BALTIMORE, MD.
Museum To Sept.: 25th Anniversary.
Walters Gallery To Sept.: Liturgy & Arts.

BELOIT, MICH.
Schernerhorn Aug. 6-Sept. 11: H. Mueller, A. Grauel.

BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.
Perls: Cont. Art.
Silagy: Mod. Fr. & Amer.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
Museum Aug.: Perm. Coll.

BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH.
Cranbrook To Sept. 18: Student Ann'l.

BOSTON, MASS.
Brown To Sept.: By App't.
Doll & Richards: Amer. Ptg.
Mirski To Sept.: Cont. Ptg.
Museum To Sept. 12: Landscapes.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
Albright Gallery: Perm. Coll.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
New Gallery (M.I.T.) To Aug. 13:
Boston Printmakers.

CANNES, FRANCE.
Galerie 65 To Sept. 30: Matisse.

CHICAGO, ILL.
Art Inst. To Sept. 30: Japanese Screens & Prints; J. Levine.
Lantern Aug.: Lucia Lay.
Mandel Aug.: Arts & Crafts.
Oehlschlaeger Aug.: Cont. Amer.
Palmer House Aug.: Group.

CINCINNATI, OHIO
Arts Center To Aug. 25: Interior Valley Competition.
Museum Aug.: Printmakers.

CLEVELAND, OHIO
Museum To Aug. 17: The Dance in Art.

CLINTON, N. J.
Art Center Aug. 14-Sept. 8: N. J. Annual.

COLUMBIA, S. C.
Museum Aug.: Old & Mod. Masters.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
Gallery To Sept.: Spaeth Coll.

CORNING, N. Y.
Museum To Aug. 16: 4 Amer. Graphic Designers; Aug. 9-Sept. 6: Eskimo Art; Cont. Serigraphs.

CORONADO, CAL.
Gallery To Aug. 19: Rex Brandt, To Sept. 5: Students Ex.

DALLAS, TEX.
Museum Aug.: "Framing, Right and Wrong."

DAYTON, OHIO
Institute Aug.: Perm. Coll.

DES MOINES, IOWA
Art Center To Sept. 5: Iowa Artists.

DETROIT, MICH.
Institute To Sept. 11: Arts of Our Time; Matisse Graphics; J. A. Wedda.

EAST HAMPTON, N. Y.
Guild Hall To Aug. 9: Cont. Italian; Aug. 13: Clothesline Ann'l; Aug. 16-Sept. 6: Regional Ex.

EVANSTON, ILL.
Garnet: Mod. Amer. & Europ.

EVANSTON, IND.
Museum Aug.: Age of Exploration.

FORT WORTH, TEX.
Museum Aug.: Dutch Arts & Crafts.

HAGERSTOWN, MD.
Museum To Sept. 26: Designer-Craftsmen, U.S.A.

HAMPTON BAYS, L. I., N. Y.
Burliuk Gallery To Sept.: Amer. Art.

HARTFORD, CONN.
Atheneum To Aug. 21: Diaghilev-Lifar Coll.; Aug. 18-Oct. 2: H. Schnakenberg; H. Kreis; Aug. 31-Oct. 2: 20th C. Amer.

HELENA, MONT.
Museum To Aug. 22: G. Catlin Ptg.

HOUSTON, TEX.
Cont. Museum To Aug. 17: Amer. Jewelry.

Museum Aug.: Straus & Kress Coll.

HYANNIS, MASS.
Cape Cod Art Assoc. Aug. 9-Sept. 6: Jury Show.

KANSAS CITY, MO.
Nelson Gallery To Sept.: Persian Art; Thannhauser Coll.; Cont. Amer.

LONDON, ENGLAND
Beaux Arts Gallery To Sept. 7: Summer Selections.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
Hatfield Aug.: Mod. Fr. & Amer.
Kantor Aug.: Group.

Landau Aug. 8-Sept. 3: L. Pierce.
Lane Aug.: Group.
Museum To Aug. 22: Renoir; Aug. 21-Sept. 11: Goya Prints.

Vigevano To Sept.: Mod. Fr.
Stendahl: Anc. Amer.; Mod. Fr.

MANCHESTER, N. H.
Currier Gallery Aug.: White Mts. Ex.; Danish Silver.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Institute Aug.: "Art in Our Schools" Walker To Sept. 18: R. Sussman.

NEWARK, N. J.
Museum To Sept. 18: Arms & Armor.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
Museum Aug.: 18th-20th C. Amer.

NEW LONDON, CONN.
Allyn Museum To Aug. 21: G. K. Brown.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

MUSEUMS
Brooklyn (Eastern Parkway) To Sept.: Adventures in Primitive Art.

Guggenheim (5th at 88) To Sept.: Selection V: New Acquisitions.
Metropolitan (5th at 82) To Sept. 17: Persian & Turkish Textiles; Assyrian & Persian Art; Word Becomes Image; Baroque Orchids.

Modern (11 W. 53) To Sept. 6: Paintings From Private Collections; To Aug. 7: The New Decade: European; To Aug. 21: U.P.A.; Form in the Animated Cartoon; To Sept.: Japanese House.

Whitney (22 W. 54) To Aug. 7: The New Decade: American; Aug. 10-Sept. 18: Perm. Coll.; Sept. 21-Nov. 6: Reginald Marsh Memorial.

GALLERIES
A.C.A. (63 E. 57) Aug.: Summer Group.

Alan (32 E. 65) To Aug. 20: Group.
Argent (67 E. 59) To Oct. 3: Closed.
Artists (851 Lex. at 64) To Sept. 9: Closed.

A.S.L. (215 W. 57) To Sept.: Instructors' Work.

Babcock (38 E. 57) Aug.: Amer. Art.
Barbizon (Little) (Lex. at 63) To Aug. 27: H. Chamberlain.

Barone (202 E. 51) To Sept.: Closed.
Barzansky (1071 Mad. at 81) Group.
Bodley (223 E. 60) To Sept.: Group.
Borgenicht (61 E. 57) To Sept.: Closed.

Carlebach (937 3rd at 56) To Sept.: Indonesian Art; Chessmen.

Carstairs (11 E. 57) To Oct.: Closed.
City Center (131 W. 55) Cont. Art.
Coeval (100 W. 56) Gallery Artists.

Contemporary Arts (106 E. 57) Group.

Crespi (205 E. 58) To Oct. 1: Serneaux-Gregori.

Davis (231 E. 60) To Sept.: Closed.
Deitsch (51 E. 73) Prints, by app't.
Downtown (32 E. 51) To Sept. 13: Closed.

Durlacher (11 E. 57) To Aug. 29: Closed.

Duveen (18 E. 79) Old Masters.
Duveen-Graham (1014 Mad. at 78) Summer Festival.

Egan (46 E. 57) Tues.-Fri. 1-5: Mod. Art.

Eggleston (969 Mad. at 76) Group.
Eighth St. (33 W. 8) Cont. Art.

Feigl (601 Mad. at 57) Amer. & Europ.
Ferrari (19 E. 55) Contact F. N. Price.

Fine Arts Associates (41 E. 57) To Sept.: Closed.
Forum (822 Mad. at 69) Cont. Ptg.

Fried (40 E. 68) To Oct.: Closed.
Galerie De Braux (131 E. 55) Amer. & Europ.

Gallery G (200 E. 59) Cont. Art.
Galerie Moderne (49 W. 53) To Sept.: Closed.

Gallery 75 (30 E. 75) To Sept.: Closed.
Gallery 21 (21 E. 63) To Sept.: Closed.

Gano (125 E. 57) To Sept.: Closed.
Graham (1014 Mad. at 78) To Sept.: Dutch 17th C. Pig.

Grand Central (15 Vand. at 42) Aug.:

100 Works of Amer. Art.

GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (120 E. 57) To Sept.: Closed.
Hall of Art (534 Mad. at 55) Cont. Amer. & Europ.

Hansa (210 Cent. Pk. S.) Cont. Art.
Hartert (22 E. 58) Amer. & Fr.

Heller (63 E. 57) To Oct.: Closed.
Iolas (46 E. 57) To Sept.: Closed.
Jabu (400 W. 57) Enamels.

Jackson (22 E. 60) To Sept.: Closed.
James (70 E. 12) To Sept.: Closed.
Janis (15 E. 57) To Sept.: Closed.

Jorgen (242 E. 60) Cont. Ptg.

Karnig (19½ E. 62) To Sept.: Closed.
Kennedy (785 St. at 59) Amer. Ptg. Prints.

Kleemann (11 E. 68) To Sept. 26: Closed.

Korman (835 Mad. at 69) Cont. Art.
Kottler (108 E. 57) Cont. Group.

Kraushar (32 E. 57) 20th C. Amer. Library of Paintings (28 E. 72) Amer. & Europ.

Lilliput (231½ Elk.) Woodman et al. By App't.

Living (338 E. 49) P. Hausdorff.
Matisse (41 E. 57) To Sept.: Closed.

Meltzer (38 W. 57) To Sept. 26: Japanese Prints.

Mi Chou (320-B W. 81) Cont. Chinese.

Midtown (17 E. 57) To Sept.: Group.
Mills (55 E. 57) To Sept.: Closed.

Morris (174 Waverly) To Sept.: Cont. Art.

National Arts (15 Gramercy Pk.) To Sept. 6: Members Work.

New (601 Mad. at 57) Amer. & Europ.
Newhouse (15 E. 57) Old Masters.

Panoras (62 W. 56) Aug. 29-Sept. 10: 6 American Artists.

Parnassus (509 Mad. at 53) Pre-1900 Amer.

Parsons (15 E. 57) To Sept.: Closed.
Peridot (121 E. 57) To Sept.: By App't.

Pen & Brush (16 E. 10) To Sept. 10: Watercolors.

Perdalma (110 E. 57) Group, Tues. & Thurs.

Peridot (820 Mad. at 68) To Sept. 6: Closed.

Perle (1016 Mad. at 78) To Sept. 6: Closed.

Petite (129 W. 56) Amer. & Europ.
Pierino (127 Macdougal) Cont. Ptg.
Rehn (683 St. at 54) To Sept.: Closed.

Riley (26 E. 55) To Aug. 16: Cont. Group.

Roko (51 Grunwch) To Sept.: Closed.
Rosenberg (20 E. 79) Fr. & Amer.
Saldenberg (10 E. 77) To Sept.: Closed.

Salpeter (42 E. 57) To Sept.: Closed.
Schab (602 Mad. at 57) Rare Prints.

Schaefer (32 E. 57) Fact & Fantasy.
Schoneman (63 E. 57) Mod. Fr.

Sculptors Guild (5th at 89) To Oct. 1: Outdoor Show.

Sculpture Center (167 E. 69) Cont. Sculp.

Segy (708 Lex. at 57) African Sculp.

Silberman (1014 Mad. at 78) Old Masters.

Stable (924 7th at 58) To Sept.: Group.

Tanager (90 E. 10) To Sept.: Closed.
The Contemporaries (959 Mad. at 75) Selected Graphics.

Urban (19 E. 76) Cont. Ptg.

Van Diemen-Lilientfeld (21 E. 57) Mod. Fr.

Village Art Center (39 Grove) Members Annual.

Viviano (42 E. 57) To Sept. 12: Closed.

Walker (117 E. 57) To Sept.: Closed.
Wellons (76 E. 56) To Sept.: Closed.

Weyhe (794 Lex. at 61) To Sept.: Closed.

Wildenstein (19 E. 64) To Sept.: Old Masters; Amer. & Eng.

Willard (23 W. 56) To Sept.: Closed.
Wittenborn (38 E. 57) Graphics.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Museum To Sept. 11: Perm. Coll.

NORFOLK, VA.
Museum To Sept.: W. P. Chrysler Coll.

NORWALK, CONN.
Silvermine To Aug. 12: C. Cleworth; B. J. Riley; Aug. 14-Sept. 2: J. Ernst P. Archer.

OGUNQUIT, ME.
Art Center To Sept. 5: 35th Annual National Ex.

Museum To Sept. 15: Karolik Coll.

PALM BEACH, FLA.
Kaastra: Cont. Art.

PASADENA, CAL.
Museum To Aug. 30: Blue Four-Galka E. Scheyer Coll.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Academy To Sept.: Perm. Coll.
Art Alliance To Aug. 19: Wcol. Club.
Little: Cont. Fr.

Mack: Cont. Art.

Schurz Aug. 15-Sept. 30: Drawings.

PHOENIX, ARIZ.

Art Center To Sept. 25: Arts Assoc.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Museum Aug.: H. Siber; Art Assoc.; Eisenstadt.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Museum Aug.: R. Straprans; Decorative Arts.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Art Club To Sept.: Group.

PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

Salpeter Gallery: Contemporary American Paintings.

RICHMOND, VA.

Museum To Sept. 15: Perm. Coll.

ROCKLAND, ME.

Museum To Sept. 19: J. McCoy; E. Weddige; Crafts.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Crocker Aug.: G. Vanderbilt Purchase; K. Turner; Wcol. Soc.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Museum Aug.: St. Louis Artists; Strietmann Print Coll.

SALEM, MASS.

Essex Inst. To Sept. 10: C. Osgood.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

De Young To Sept. 5: Printmaking in America.

Gump's Aug. 10-31: Goo Woo.

Legion To Aug. 28: M. Bacon.

Museum To Sept. 11: Marin; To Aug.

21: Wotruba; sculp.

Rutherford Aug.: Robert Frame.

SAN MARINO, CAL.

Huntington To Oct. 1: Rowlandson; J. Highmore; G. Catlin.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

Museum To Aug. 21: Durer & His Time.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.

Happy Manor To Aug. 28: Japan's Young Dream.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Dusanne Aug.: Cont. Amer. & Europ.

Museum To Sept. 11: Europ. & Oriental.

Sellman: Cont. Amer. & Europ.

SOUTHAMPTON, N. Y.

Parrish To Aug. 18: Amer. Tradition.

Aug. 24-Sept. 10: Festival.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Lowe Center To Sept. 25: Students.

TOPEKA, KAN.

Mulvane Aug.: Guggenheim Loan.

TULSA, OKLA.

Philbrook Aug.: Guggenheim Loan.

UTICA, N. Y.

Institute To Sept. 11: Area Artists; Ptg. for Hospitals; Japan. Prints.

WAKEFIELD, R. I.

Spectrum To Aug. 21: Knobler; R. Lukosius.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Aden: Cont. Amer.

Bader: Printmakers.

Corcoran To Sept. 25: N. Rockwell.

National: Rosenwald; Garbisch Coll.

Smithsonian To Aug. 28: K. Krovic.

Whyte Aug.: C. Kruck.

WELLFLEET, MASS.

Golden Cod To Aug. 14: H. De Geofroy; Aug. 14-28: M. P. Le Seigneur.

Mayo Hill Gallery: Contemporary Artists.

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.

Norton: Amer. Ind.; Perm. Coll.

WESTPORT, CONN.

Kipnis To Aug. 10: Bennington College; Aug. 11-26: Famous Amer.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

Art Center Aug.: Audubon.

WOODSTOCK, N. Y.

Ganso: Cont. Art.

Farnsworth Aug. 7-20: E. Leventhal.

Aug. 21-Sept. 6: M. Vukovic.

SCULPTURE GALLERY: Famous Sculpture.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Museum To Sept. 6: 19th & 20th C.

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